The Relief Society Magazine

Volume XII JUNE, 1932 No. 6

IN THE ASPENS NEAR ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.
—*Glen Perrins*

SPECIAL FOR MAY

MITCHELL'S SPECIAL PERMANENT. Regular $4.50 for $3.75
Including life size portrait of yourself FREE.
Latest Croquignole Wave with Ringlet Ends $4

All the curls needed. **$3.00** Latest With Beautiful Ringlet Ends

Any Style.

DUART

DUART OIL TREATED WAVES Famous Mitchell. Special $4.50
Virgin Wave $5

SHELTON OIL OF TULIP WOOD $5.50

No matter what you pay at Mitchell's for a permanent wave it is not a cheap one. Only first class standard supplies used.

MITCHELL'S BEAUTY SHOPPE

Medical Arts Bldg. Wasatch 10316

SUGARHOUSE BEAUTY SALON
1053 East 21st South Sugarhouse Hyland 8553

For the convenience of our Ogden patrons we will operate The Perry Beauty Shop under the name of Mitchell's Beauty Shop No. 3.

MITCHELL'S BEAUTY SHOP NO. 3
David Eccles Bldg. Ogden, Washington and 24th Phone 760

Social Printing

Wedding
Announcements
Invitations
Acknowledgements
Stationery

There is nothing like good printing and engraving to give the correct tone to your social communications, such as wedding announcements, acknowledgements, calling cards, etc... We through years of catering to a discriminating clientele, are in a position to give you the latest and most correct service, both in advice and actual work. Prices are exceedingly moderate.

The Deseret News Press

29 Richards Street Salt Lake City, Utah

No. 68 Ribbed Lt. Wt. Cotton ..... $ .75
Knee Length, ¾ Length Legs or Old Styles.
No. 74 Ribbed Lt. Wt. Fine Lisle 1.00
No. 64 Light Med. Wt. Bleached Double Back 1.19
No. 62 Med. Hvy. Wt. Bleached Double Back 1.29
Super Non-Run Rayon Elbow and Knee Length 1.29

In ordering garments please state if for men or women, and if old or new styles are wanted, also state bust, height and weight of person. Marking 15c. Postage prepaid. Special—When you order three pairs of garments at one time we allow you a 15% discount on third pair only.

Cutler's
36 So Main Service Since 1877

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

UTAH STRAWBERRIES
are best Preserved with
UTAH SUGAR

$5000 for $400

Do you know that for $400.00 today, you can select prominent stocks which in 1929 sold for $5000.00.

Can you buy Any Home—Any Where for $400.00 today which sold for $5000.00 in 1929.

Every Dollar
Invested in this Society in 1929 is worth today 100 cents.

Because
All our funds are invested—Exclusively in 1st mortgages on some one's home—THE CASTLE OF THE AMERICAN FAMILY.

DESERET BUILDING SOCIETY

44 South Main Street **Salt Lake City, Utah**

OLD RELIABLE PEOPLE'S COMPANY

Assets over $2,000,000.00

——6% and Safety is Better than 10% Perhaps——

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Vol. 19 June, 1932 No. 6

CONTENTS

Poppies in California ..... Frontispiece
To Any Wife ..... Rosannah Cannon 325
Our Changing Social World ..... Dr. Arthur L. Beeley 327
Thoughts of Father ..... Amy Kemp 330
Women's Vacation Camps in Idaho (Illustrated) ..... Amy Brown Lyman 331
Friendship ..... Amy M. Rice 336
Cell Intelligence ..... Dr. L. A. Stevenson 337
The Sphinx of Red Canyon ..... Harrison R. Merril 349
Thoroughbreds ..... Christie Lund 342
The Friendship of Charles W. Nibley and President Joseph F. Smith.....
..... Preston Nibley 350
Side Lights on the Book of Mormon ..... John Henry Evans 354
Lesson Preparation and Union Meeting ..... Kate M. Barker 358
To Margaret W. Manning ..... Edith E. Anderson 360
The Wedding Gift ..... Coral J. Black 361
Nancy Lou ..... Nona H. Brown 363
Rickets—Cause and Prevention ..... Anna Page 364
Landscape with a Waterfall 369
Sentiment ..... Elsie Chamberlain Carroll 370
Father ..... Ella J. Coulam 371
Happenings ..... Annie Wells Cannon 372
Spring ..... Josephine Spencer 373
Spring ..... Bertha W. Pratt 373
Spring ..... Merling D. Clyde 373
The Joshua Tree 374
Notes from the Field 375
Notes to the Field 379
My Beloved ..... Phylis Hodgson Holbrook 380
Editorial—The Close of Our Season 381
Preparation for 1932-1933 381
Flag Day 382
Summer Socials 383
Father's Day 383
A Home-Made Rose-Jar ..... Jessie M. Robinson 384

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Editorial and Business Offices: 20 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah
Telephone Wasatch 3123

Subscription Price: $1.00 a year; foreign, $1.25 a year; payable in advance.
Single copy, 10c.

The *Magazine* is not sent after subscription expires. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving both old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Stamps should accompany manuscripts for their return.

Ask for one of our folders describing the different services we offer.

Troy

LAUNDRY

Hyland 190 *Distinctive Work* Office 319 S. Main St.

L. D. S. GARMENTS

FOR ALL SEASONS

Selected from our extensive line of L. D. S. Garments we suggest the following numbers for all seasons wear:

No. 1 New style, ribbed lgt. wgt. cotton with rayon silk stripe. An excellent Ladies' number..$1.25

No. 2 Old style, ribbed lgt. wgt. cotton, our standard garment 1.25

No. 3 Ribbed med. wgt. cotton, bleached or unbleached. Our all season number. Men's new or old style 1.50

No. 4 Ribbed heavy wgt. unbleached cotton. Our double back number. Men's new or old style 2.00

No. 5 Part wool, ribbed unbleached. Our best selling wool number. Men's new or old style.. 2.75

No. 6 Light weight garment. Ladies' new style ..... .95

No. 7 Light weight Spring and Autumn garment. Men only 1.00

No. 8 Light weight silk for ladies only, new style only 1.00

No. 9 Medium wgt. silk for men and women, new style only. Non-Run 1.75

In ordering, be sure to specify whether old or new style garments, three-quarter or ankle length legs, short or long sleeves are wanted. Also give bust measure, height and weight to insure perfect fit.

Postage prepaid on orders accompanied by money order. Special discount to missionaries.

FACTORY TO YOU—THE ORIGINAL

Utah Woolen Mills

Briant Stringham, Manager 28 Richards Street

One-Half Block South of Temple Gates

L. D. S. GARMENTS

Good grade and well made. Garments that satisfy, when ordering, state size, new or old style, and if for man or lady. Postage prepaid.

464 Fine Ribbed cot. .....$ .95
144 Spring needle, combed cot..... 1.00
508 Gauze Wt., comb. cot. ladies..... 1.15
203 Med. Lt., Bleached cot. 1.25
98 Special Rayon, ladies..... 1.25
228 Med. Lt., Rayon Striped..... 1.35
38 Lt. Wt., combed cot.....$1.35
105 Med. Lt., Unbleached cot. 1.35
252 Med. Wt., Firmly Knit cot. 1.45
282 Fine Crepe, ladies 1.65
306 Run resisting Rayon 1.75
527 Rayon plated, over comb. cot..... 2.35

BARTON & CO.

Established in Utah 45 Years

142 WEST SOUTH TEMPLE ST. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

O. P. S. FLOUR

O. P. S. Flour is the best flour we stock, though we can sell it for less than we must charge for the best advertised brands. This is packed for us according to rigid specifications. Every O. P. S. Brand is doubly guaranteed to please in every respect. Use O. P. S. Flour, serve the best and save in price.

* * *

O. P. SKAGGS FOOD "Efficient Service" System STORES

"A Surety of Purity"

FOR ALL INTERIOR SURFACES

BENNETT'S

Property Life Insurance

Gloss Interior Finish

Dries overnight to a hard, enamel finish.

BENNETT GLASS & PAINT CO.

61-65 West First South
Salt Lake City

Dealers throughout Utah, Southern Idaho and neighboring states.

Complete Suits for Men and Women—Children's Clothing a Specialty

Prompt and Careful Attention to Mail, Telephone and Telegraph Orders

Temple and Burial Clothes

Variety of Grades and Prices

GENERAL BOARD RELIEF SOCIETY

Open Daily—9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Telephone Wasatch 3286
29 Bishop's Building
Salt Lake City, Utah

SEE THE NEW EUREKA

DE LUXE

VACUUM CLEANER

NEW—MODERN—BEAUTIFUL

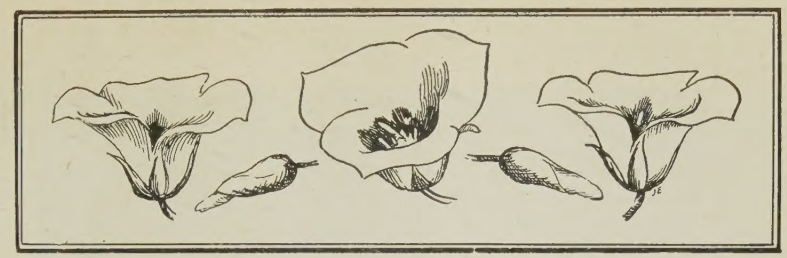
With Full Floating Brush, Beautiful Red Bag and 14 Other Major Improvements

This super-powered Eureka De Luxe cleans deeply, swiftly and thoroughly—removing all deeply embedded, stubborn dirt by "High Vacuum"—the identical cleaning principle of all costly installed systems built into large buildings and hotels.

The new "full floating" brush automatically removes all lint, hair and other surface litter.

$5.00 Down
Balance on
Easy Terms

Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Co.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH
177 East Broadway Phone Wasatch 4764



To Any Wife

By Rosannah Cannon

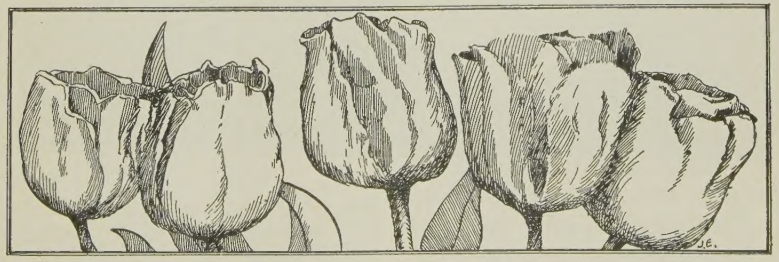
As long as you are speaking, I have found
Our minds converge upon a common ground;
The price of food, the way the ivy grows,
Familiar topics any stranger knows.

Then suddenly you cease to speak and lapse
Into a shrouded silence, whence perhaps,
You later come a little less enthralled
Than you had been before the quiet called.

A little less irrevocably mine,
Though not by any outward sound or sign
Could I divine that restless hidden spring,
At once so fearful and disquieting.

Our life seems quite the same, yet I can sense
Your world is growing somehow more immense.
There is a part of you I never shared,
Where your soul wanders mine has never fared.

Never am I to know what thoughts are yours,
Hidden from me beyond what unseen doors.
These are the secrets no man yet has known,
Too frail and fine, too utterly your own!



POPPIES IN CALIFORNIA

Southern Pacific Photo

THE
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XIX JUNE, 1932 No. 6

Our Changing Social World

By Arthur L. Beeley

All things must change
To something new, to something strange.
—*Longfellow.*

IT is a strange paradox that change is the most constant thing in the universe. It might truthfully be said, in fact, that nothing endures but change.

Change is a universal characteristic of all life, both physical and social. While the rate of change is more or less constant in the realms of nature, its velocity is continually increasing in society. Due to the combined influence of science and inventions, recent social changes have, therefore, been more rapid and more marked than ever before in history. These changes, moreover, have profoundly affected our social institutions, our moral values and our human natures.

Evidences of these facts abound on every hand. For example, the human race enjoys a higher standard of living and more material benefits now than ever before. Crime and lawlessness increase directly with the rate of social change. Leisure time, with its new and unexpected problems, has increased largely as a result of our mechanized life. Fluctuations in prosperity and depression are greater than ever before and we have even bigger and better wars!

The present age is essentially an era of science and invention. It began some three hundred years ago when men like Bacon and Galileo began to draw their conclusions about the universe from their own direct observations of life and nature. Later on Newton, Malthus and Darwin pursued truth in essentially the same way and with equally startling and well-known results.

This willingness of man to observe nature directly and to believe only that which is verifiable has, in turn, produced an age of invention and discovery. Consider the lens, as an example. It has given us the microscope, the telescope and the camera, without which there would have been no science of bacteriology, no science of astronomy and no photography. The discovery of electricity has extended our means of communication and thus brought people together who before were isolated geographically. The printing arts, industrial chemistry are further illustrations of the way in which man has converted many of the latent forces of the physical world to his own use and happiness, thus becoming, in very deed, a creator rather than a creature of his environment.

II

IN what ways have these material advances affected our social institutions and our human natures?

The most marked effect has been in the standard of living, particularly among the peoples in the Western world. More people enjoy a wider range of comforts and luxuries than at any previous time. Relationships between peoples have changed very profoundly with the advances in transportation and communication. Persons have come to move about a good deal, with the result that the number and variety of their social contacts have very materially increased. All of this has brought about a change from a society made up of small, intimate groups to a social order essentially urban, where millions of people live in close but impersonal contact. The modern city is perhaps the outstanding product of these changes.

This urbanization of life has unduly stressed the externals in human behavior. Dress and personal appearance, for instance, now receive more emphasis than do the basic qualities of character. Because of these impersonal relationships it is now possible for individuals to live in a number of different moral worlds in which their behavior in one social situation is entirely unknown to their associates in another. This condition has greatly intensified crime and vice and explains why these problems are much more acute in cities.

While these changes have been beneficial in some particulars they are not an unmitigated blessing. Sharp contrasts appear at many critical points. Walter Lippman, in his *Preface to Morals,* has described some of the unfavorable results of current social change by saying:

"The evidences of these greater difficulties lie all about us; in the brave and brilliant atheists who have defied the Methodist God, in the women who have emancipated themselves from the tyranny of fathers, husbands, and homes, and with the intermittent but expensive help of a psychoanalyst, are now enduring liberty as interior decorators; in the young men and women who are world-weary at twenty-two; in the multitudes who drug themselves with pleasure; in the crowds enfranchised by the blood of heroes who cannot be persuaded to take an interest in their destiny. * * *"

III

THE changes here described have been more rapid in our material culture than in our non-material or adaptive culture. This unevenness of social progress has produced the condition known as cultural lag, the chief consequences of which are social disorganization.

Consider a few concrete examples of this unevenness in social progress. In our large cities, for instance, where material culture has advanced most rapidly the form and theory of government is essentially that of a village or township. In many of our great cities, for example, we are attempting to regulate public welfare and human relationships by a form of government which is fundamentally local and rural. These obsolete patterns of government have nowhere proved their inadequacy so clearly as in the matter of law and criminal justice. Most American communities are attempting to cope with crime and lawlessness in terms of a county or town conception of the problem. In very few American cities, for instance, are the courts or the law enforcement agencies unified in an attempt to administer justice efficiently and without delay. This is a major cause of our failure to cope effectively with crime in America.

It is at once apparent that while commerce, trade, religion, art and science, are international, government and social control are local and

national. This fact explains why such an obviously useful device as The League of Nations cannot yet function effectively.

A glance at the field of law supports the same thesis. The progress of science and invention have rendered obsolete many of the old-established principles and assumptions in our law. Most criminal courts and penal codes still deal with the offender in terms of a seventeenth century theory of conduct and freedom. Free will and individual responsibility are still the bases of our criminal procedure, whereas the behavioristic sciences have proved conclusively that the individual himself is not wholly responsible for his conduct. Yet we continue to punish the offender on the assumption that he could be good if he wanted to. This theory of individualism is nicely illustrated by many of our constitutional provisions which, in some cases, were taken bodily from the English Bill of Rights of 1688. These provisions, originally intended to protect the individual against the tyranny of the Stuart kings, make it practically impossible for American communities to successfully cope with organized crime in the twentieth century.

Equally apparent is the cultural lag in education, notwithstanding much substantial progress in this field. The aims of present-day public education are, after all, still the aims of two hundred years ago, when reading was encouraged largely for religious reasons. Thus it is that reading is still the first and fundamental subject in the school curriculum. Only very recently has public education taken on the aims of health, vocational training and character. The methods of teaching are principally those of the face to face variety. Such devices as the movie have not yet been successfully adapted to the work of the public school. A consideration of radio in education reveals a similar lag. And yet who will deny that Walter Damrosch, through his nation-wide school programs has become the most influential force in music appreciation in the United States? Similar criticisms might be made of the subject matter of the public school curriculum.

Most striking, however, is the lag and conservatism in the field of organized religion. Creeds, dogma, ritual and other impedimenta have eclipsed the aims and much of the beauty of the Christian religion. The Bible, too, is still regarded by many as a text book of science. Moreover, it seems very difficult to focus the attention of the average Christian upon the basic formula in his religion—love. To read the scriptures is easy but to apply the golden rule to the health needs of little children in our day and time seems to tax our institutionalized religious systems beyond the limit of their capacity.

The religious problem with its accompanying challenge has never been better stated than by Edward Scribner Ames, who insists that "We must make religion as intelligent as science, as appealing as art, and as vital as the day's work."

IV

WHAT can we do about it? First of all, we must reconcile ourselves to the fact that the problem is more difficult than it appears on the surface. Social forces are more unwieldy and therefore less amenable to control than are individuals. These problems cannot be solved by merely passing resolutions or by enacting laws.

In order to cope effectively with social change and "cultural lag," it

will be necessary for us to do two things: first, we must speed up the development of our non-material culture, thus enabling it to keep abreast of material culture; and second, we shall have to socialize our material culture.

Due to the rapid advance of material culture and the accelerated progress of science, we have come to enjoy a higher standard of living and a higher level of freedom from which there can be no turning back. The "lag" between our material and our non-material culture must, therefore, be overcome by the reconstruction of our adaptive controls (e. g., law, government, education, religion) if the basic social values in our civilization are to be restored and guaranteed. Out of a back ground of *laissez-faire* individualism has grown this economic leviathan—our material culture—having enjoyed as it grew, all of the advantages of collectivism, yet assuming few, if any, of its obligations. The problem, therefore, is essentially one of socializing our material culture. More specifically the task is one of substituting the principle of collectivism and its corollary cooperation for the principle of individualism and its corollary competition in the complex process of producing, distributing and consuming material things.

We must reconcile ourselves to the idea of social change, since change is inevitable. We must familiarize ourselves with the facts and discoverable causes of social change. As Professor Ogburn, of the President's Research Committee on Social Trends has wisely said, we must first ask ourselves what is going to happen and then see what can be done about it, instead of first making up our minds what we want.

Finally, we must develop the art of collective thinking and collective planning. It is our only hope, for the era of individualism is past. Hobhouse, in his *Elements of Social Justice* has profoundly said:

"Perhaps the history of this adventure will teach the world once again that the spring of progress is spiritual. * * * Perhaps a true spiritual authority will arise out of the present welter of half-knowledge and conflicting dogmatisms * * * an organization, not of officials and monarchs, but of knowledge, wisdom and righteousness, the bodiless church of humanity in which the federated democracies of the world may find their soul."

Thoughts of Father

By Amy Kemp

In my heart there is a yearning, to express my thoughts of love,
Of a pal I've known for years now, sent to Earth from God above.
And this pal is always ready to realize my wants and cares;
And I know he truly loves me; for I feel his silent prayers.

Father is the pal I speak of and the one I love so well,
Always ready to assist me with more love than tongue can tell.
Let me say he's pure and holy, humble in both thoughts and deeds,
And he tries to make me happy, and provides my daily needs.

AT ALL OF THE CAMPS THERE ARE SOME TENTING OUT

Women's Vacation Camps in Idaho

By Amy Brown Lyman

ANY project designed primarily to benefit humanity challenges our interest. Any movement which tends to develop individuals, broaden their vision, improve their standards and raise their lives to higher levels deserves commendation. Any undertaking which makes provision for people to be lifted periodically above their daily routine to a vantage point from which they can view their work and problems from different angles, contributes to human progress.

People on the whole live more or less routine lives, working in their particular grooves with eyes down and backs bent attending so closely to their own immediate tasks that they realize little of what is going on generally or how work similar to, or identical with their own, is being done. Neither do they have the time or inclination to envision their own net results. While such close attention to one's own work is indeed necessary to accomplishment, still the worker, if he is to succeed abundantly, should rise above his daily tasks often enough to take stock, to get inspiration and broader knowledge of his particular job, and to get new vision.

When Miss Marion Hepworth, State Home Demonstration leader of the University of Idaho Extension Division conceived the idea of summer vacation camps for farm women in Idaho she struck a keynote which resounded throughout the state and brought forth hearty response and approval. It was evident at the outset to the University authorities and to the University patrons that the project was sound and would be productive of good. And no one has been disappointed. The work has won the admiration and respect of educators and the deep appreciation and gratitude of

MISS MARION HEPWORTH

the several thousand women who avail themselves yearly of the opportunity the summer vacation camps have afforded.

Seven years ago in 1925 the work was started at Starkey Hot Springs and soon thereafter camps were established at various points in the state designed to reach the whole population. There are six camps in all located at the following scenic places: Bear Lake, Lava Hot Springs, Ponds' Inn, Hauser Lake, Winchester, and Starkey Hot Springs. The attendance each season has been excellent and has included hundreds of Relief Society women; but the year 1931 was the banner year, with a combined registration of 5,991 farm women representing a larger number of counties than ever before. In addition there were a great many visitors both men and women, and this in spite of the general depression, drouth, and hard times which farmers have been facing for a number of years. Several of the camps this season were honored with the presence of Mrs. Ben Ross, wife of the Governor of

MANY WOMEN ATTEND ALL OF THE CAMPS—EASTERN DISTRICT

Idaho, once a farm woman herself, and now an ardent supporter of this organization.

REGARDING the object and nature of the movement, Miss Hepworth enthusiastically explains that it is a project in adult education and part of the Home Demonstration Program of Idaho with a threefold purpose—educational, inspirational, and recreational. It is not as some might suppose an outing for mere pleasure. It is designed for the special benefit of the homemakers of the state; to bring to them up-to-date information on the leading questions of the day; to teach them to study and think and also to play; to help to inspire in them a greater love and appreciation for their own work as well as for some of the fine things in music, art and literature; and to give them an opportunity to discuss their own problems both formally and informally. The visitor to the vacation camp is impressed with the earnestness of all concerned—of those who have come to take part in the program, and of those who have come to register for the work.

Each camp has a local committee appointed by Miss Hepworth consisting of a woman from each county included in a given district. These committees work under the direction of Miss Hepworth and her assistants, the District Home Demonstration Agents, and are given the opportunity to cooperate with the state department in making all the plans for the three days institute or outing. The committee members are experienced women who have shown qualities of leadership in their home counties. They assist in all local arrangements beginning many months ahead of the set dates. During the encampment they act as hostesses, taking care of the registration bureau and of other details incident to getting settled. They are also given an opportunity to sug-

gest both subjects and speakers for the program. The work could not succeed so abundantly without these local lieutenants, with their interest, their influence, and their following.

The Home Demonstration Agents consist of a group of six young, well-trained college women, specialists in the field of Home Economics, each of which has responsibility under Miss Hepworth for one of the Camps. In their year round work throughout the state they keep constantly in mind the summer camp work and each vies with the other in keeping up and promoting general interest and in trying to think up new and interesting features. These agents are the Misses Vivian Minyard, Sara Sumsion, Julia Pond, Helen Abbot, Leatha Christensen and Genevieve Hunter. The whole scheme for the project is sound and most excellent. With Miss Hepworth at the head, assisted by her district workers and her local camp committees, there is a set-up which would be hard to surpass. Not only is there good feeling throughout, but intense interest and devotion to the work and it is no wonder that this gifted leader has won the title, "General Hepworth."

THE camp program is varied, consisting of lectures, demonstrations and entertainments. It ranges in subject matter from lectures in art and literature, child psychology and rural sociology, to the importance of using Idaho lamb and other Idaho products, and to demonstrations in cooking and serving. After a talk on how to make the most of one's clothing with emphasis on style, suitability, materials, etc., no bulky woman listener would ever dare to wear large plaids again, and no thin tall woman to indulge in vertical stripes. After a talk on social relationships and on the art of adjusting no listener would ever feel quite the same about race or religious prejudice or about using temper tantrums or similar devices as a means of winning a victory. And after hearing all about the economic importance to Idaho of using Idaho lamb and other products, and after seeing them cooked and garnished so beautifully there is no doubt but that these articles have been used since that time by everybody upon both week days and holidays in Idaho. The program includes, also, entertainments both simple and dignified. Swimming, boating and bonfire parties are outstanding among recreational features. Not the least enjoyable, by any means, of the institute's numerous activities are the informal periods which cover several hours of the day when there is no set program and the campers may visit one another, indulge in conversation, and exchange personal views; or if they prefer it they may rest and relax alone in quiet. Another interesting period is the bedtime hour when each little camp group gathers for a few moments for more intimate conversation to sum up the lessons of the day, and to say a parting word for the night.

Among the camp speakers are representatives of the church, university, the club, the service organizations; and in addition those from the ordinary walks of life. The L. D. S. Church has been represented on each yearly program by members of the General Authorities, and members of the General Boards of the auxiliary organizations. The Federal Children's Bureau was represented in 1931, as well as the White House Conference. Local talent is also used and many of the choicest musical numbers and enter-

ELDER MELVIN J. BALLARD AND WIFE
VISIT THE CAMP

taining features are furnished by the communities surrounding the camps.

THE closing camp session invariably has programmed brief responses from delegates from the various counties represented, on the value of the camp, and this feature always proves to be one of the high spots of the conventions. It is most inspiring to hear their fine summaries of the work and what it has meant to them and what it will mean to their communities. We quote a paragraph from the address given by the oldest enrolled member at the 1931 Lava Hot Springs Camp—our dear co-worker Mrs. Sarah H. Farr, 80 years old, counselor to Mrs. Dicy W. Henderson of Portneuf Stake, who has not yet missed attending her district camp.

"Many women, especially on the farm, know so little of life outside of the home environment. Our vision is limited to the farm accumulation and after a while we become part of that accumulation. I think

CAMPSITE NORTHEASTERN DISTRICT—POND'S LODGE

that sometimes we farm women stay around that farm we so dearly love and keep in that same old groove till we also have just about 'tuk rut' and will have to be pried out before the 'ruts' become too deeply 'sot.' One of the levers which can be forcibly used to pry us out is the Woman's Encampment, the spirit of which is carried back each year to our home communities where our friends and neighbors feel its inspiring and refining influence; and each succeeding year many new ones are attracted to the work and are found enrolled in the cause."

Friendship

By Amy M. Rice

You passed my way,
And life took on a brighter hue.
From darkest gray,
The sun shone in the smile of you.
It warmed my heart.
And filled it with a rosy glow;
And had a part
In all the joy I'll ever know.
A friend indeed.
You lifted me and helped me on.
When greatest need
You came, and all my cares were gone.
Your wise philosophy,
Your gentle faith, your guiding hand,
Brought near to me
The God I failed to understand.
And now my prayer
Is always this—when passing by
In world of care,
Someone less fortunate than I,
To lend a hand.
To give a smile, to leave a word
They'll understand;
To lift the burden of a load.
And most of all,
To help them praise the chastening rod,
The tears that fall,
The means that bring us close to God.

Cell Intelligence

By Dr. L. A. Stevenson

ONE hundred years ago Joseph Smith, "The Prophet Teacher," gave an inspired principle regarding the spirit of man. He made the announcement that the spirit of man is pure and refined matter, indestructible, eternal and in the form of the body in which it lives: that it had pre-existed as an intelligence, that it is the vital force in mortality; that it would live after death; and in due time it would unite with an immortal body in a resurrected state. It would continue on eternally in growth and development far beyond human comprehension.

Such a thought, one hundred years ago, had not been conceived, or embodied, in the teachings of science. Today some of our leading authorities on scientific and vital problems of life are thinking and writing about this subtle "something" which motivates cell functional activity.

Force, energy, intelligence, and spirit, can be used interchangeably without altering the meaning in this discussion.

It is not unreasonable to contend that if intelligence can be shown in the processes of the cell life cycle, there must be at work some form of energy. And to admit that energy is present, even as a manifestation of spiritual activity, we admit we are dealing with indestructible and eternal matter. Spirit is a pure refined matter. A law irrevocably decreed by God is that no matter can be destroyed, and science demonstrates and confirms this fact.

This discussion will of necessity deal with some scientific facts, but the wonderfulness of cell intelligence, as manifest in the complex processes of life justifies some details in pointing out the fact that there is something more potential than chance in this problem of life.

THIS is a wonderful house in which we live, created in the image and likeness of God. Every living cell is vitalized by a refined, pure, directing and intelligent force, the sum total of which is the spirit of man.

A cell may be defined as a tiny mass of living and functioning matter, either living alone, as for example the amoeba, or forming a unit of building material of a living thing or body. The cell is above all else, an organism. In an individual composed of billions of cells we know that the aggregate of cells transcends the unit of its structure.

The size and shape of cells vary greatly. The smallest hardly visualized by the most powerful microscope, while others are large enough to be seen by the unaided eye, the size varying with the function it performs. If a cell is to function as a storehouse of nutriment for a growing embryo it is of necessity relatively large. If a cell is to function as an animated telegraph wire connecting one remote part of the organism with another, it needs to be much elongated.

The typical cell is spherical, but cells of the body vary in size and shape according to their bodily environments, pressure, location, and specialized function.

The body is composed of cells, tissues, organs and systems.

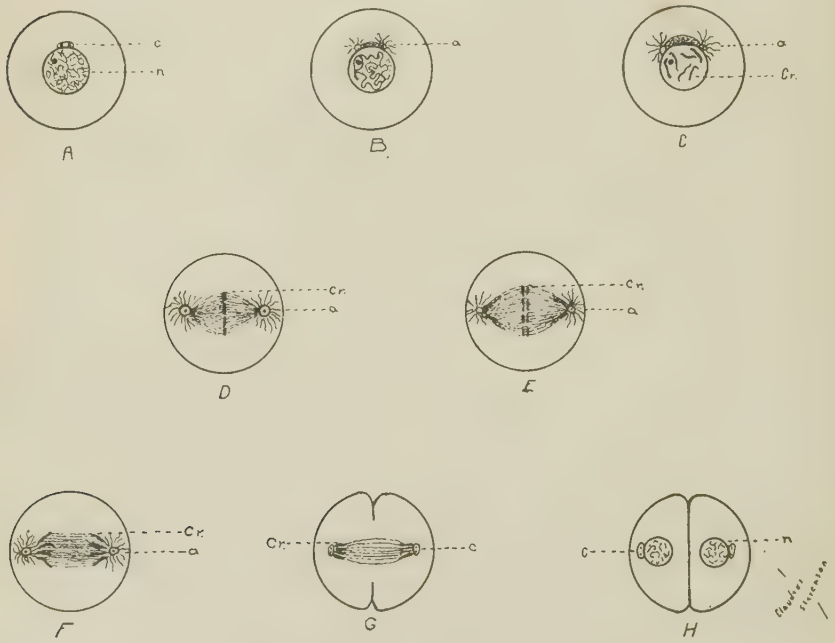
Tissue cells are aggregate of similiar cells performing similar functions. Organs are parts of the body having a special function, and a system is a set or series of parts or organs which unite in a common function. In all the cell is the structural unit.

The essential cell structure is composed of a nucleus, chromosomes, protoplasm cell wall, and a vital something called life or cell intelligence.

CELL intelligence is so subtle, so pure, so refined, that it has never been seen, measured, weighed, or analyzed. To the modern scientific laboratory though equipped with its instruments of precision, and specially trained workers, life is still a mysterious force too elusive for study.

The chief difficulty experienced in studying life whether in the chemical or biological laboratory is that as soon as living protoplasm is seriously disturbed life separates from it. The invariable association of protoplasm with life has led to a general belief that life is in some way related to it.

Protoplasm with its life is said to be irritable. It also has power to contract and move. Protoplasm can digest food, breathe, and throw off waste material, and above all it can



Ilustration No. 1—Reproduction of Cells by mitosis.

Diagrams: A, resting cell c. central body divided. B, Prophase (early) a, asters. C, Prophase (later). D, Prophase (final). E. Metaphase each chromosome splitting lengthwise. F, Anaphase, the daughter sets of chromosomes moving toward the asters. G, Telephase (early). H. Telephase (later)

reproduce itself, that is form other matter like itself.

Reproduction of cells by mitosis is so complex, so intelligent, and so wonderful that it should have special mention and illustration. In plant, animal, and human cell division there are universal characteristics, but considerable difference exists as to details, the process becoming more and more complex as we approach human life. Four processes in mitosis have been distinguished, by the microscope. They are termed phases. (1) The prophase, including all the events beginning with the first steps in division of the central body and culminating in the stage where the chromosomes lie in equilibrium in the equatorial place; (2) the metaphase, the stage in which the chromosomes are longitudinally split and begin to separate into half chromosomes; (3) anaphase, the steps during which the half chromosomes travel toward the opposite poles of the spindle; and (4) the telephase during which the cytoplasm of the cell divides to form two daughter cells, and two chromosome groups are reorganized in the so-called resting nuclei. The equivalents of the original nucleus we started out with. And thus we have rounded out the cycle.

CELL arrangement and cell differentiation next to cell division is most intelligent and wonderful. In the very early embryonic life cells, by a power, unknown to science, arrange themselves into a body known as the blastoderm. The blastoderm is made up of three

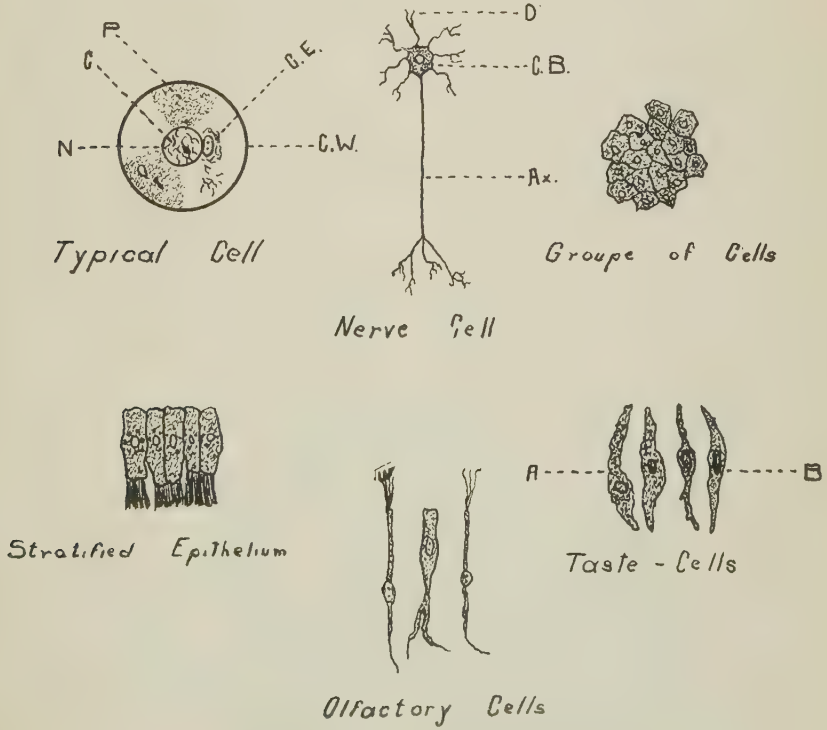


Illustration No. 2—Cell Differentiation.

layers (1) the Epiblast is the outmost of the three layers. From it are developed the epidermis and epidermal tissues, such as the nails, hair, and glands of the skin, the nervous system, the external sense-organs, as the eye, ear, etc., and the mucous membrane of the mouth. (2) The mesoblast is the middle of the three layers of the early embryo. From it are developed the skin, connective tissues, bones, muscles, organs of excretion, and internal genitals. (3) The hypoblast is the innermost of the layers of the blastoderm. From it are developed the epithelium of the alimentary canal and of the organs connected with it and that of the air passages.

THE intelligence of cell differentiation is remarkable. As cells enter into formation of organs and systems, they undergo characteristic changes in size and morphology to meet the various functional demands of the body. In operations the surgeon depends upon this uniformity of nature and is never deceived. The pathologist, with the microscope, can identify the structure or organ from which a minute specimen is taken. He can also state whether the tissue is normal or diseased.

Three well known scientific men recognized the world over for their original investigations and contributions on vital problems of life have expressed themselves on the subject of cell intelligence as follows:

Dr. Geo. W. Crile, of Cleveland, Ohio, said, "Life is an electro-chemical mechanism, every cell of the body is a small battery and as long as the electro-chemical processes are active the body lives. When these processes cease the body is dead. Life depends upon functional activity."

Dr. Mayo, of Rochester, Minnesota, commenting on Crile's theory of life, said, "He is correct as far as he has gone, but there is something more in life than an 'electro-chemical mechanism.' Every living cell manifests an intelligence so refined and elusive that we canot find it in our chemical or biological laboratories."

Dr. W. W. Keen, of Philadelphia, writes, "In our prenatal life as I have shown on my paper on a World of Billions, our bodies always begin in one fertilized cell. This quickly

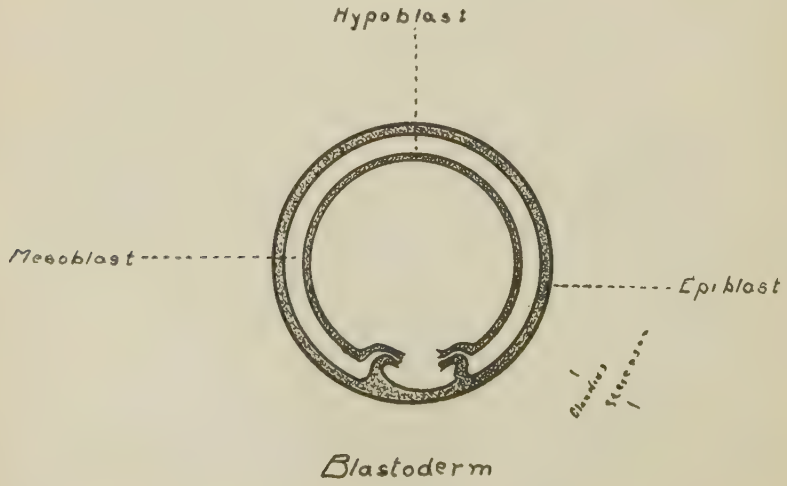


Illustration No. 3—Cell Arrangement.

divides into two cells, then four, eight, sixteen, etc., so that in a short time there are millions of cells. Chance could never have developed in such an orderly manner in every plant, animal and human embryo. It is a wonderful evidence of the power and wisdom of God."

Very early they begin to differentiate by unknown cause, but always in the same way in the millions of babies born every year.

How wonderful is this power of differentiation. It was implanted in these rapidly growing and changing cells by the Creator, God.

Step by step these men have built up a complete thought on the spiritual life of man, which agrees in detail with the inspired teachings of the prophet a century ago. Joseph Smith made no claim as a scientist, but testifies that he did receive inspiration from on high.

IN conclusion and brief summary, (1) It is agreed that life is a vital, intelligent, potential force existing in every living cell. (2) That this intelligent something has not been created or discovered in the chemical or biological laboratories. (3) None of these authorities deny its existence, "nor affirm that things beyond human comprehension cannot be," but to the contrary are very emphatic in affirming cell intelligence, and Dr. Keen bears testimony of its divine origin and existence. (4) If it were possible to separate and see cell intelligence, the sum total cell intelligence would be in the exact likeness of the mortal body from which it separated.

(5) "That which is spiritual being in the likeness of that which is temporal; and that which is temporal in the likeness of that which is spiritual." D. & C. 77:2.

(6) "Now the Lord had shown unto me Abraham, the intelligences that were organized before the world was. And God saw these souls that they were good."

(7) "There is no such thing as immaterial matter. All spirit is matter, but it is more fine or pure, and can only be discerned by pure eyes. We cannot see it; but when our bodies are purified, we shall see that it is all matter." D. & C. 131:7-8.

(8) Cell growth, cell organization, cell division, cell differentiation, and cell function, are processes, so complex, so intelligent, and so wonderful that chance could never have developed such a wonderful house as this in which we live.

(9) There is no reason why one should not believe as firmly in the immortality of the soul as in the mortality of man's body.

(10) To think that chance, instead of an all powerful Creator, could produce such results is an absolute impossibility, an absurdity.

(11) One who has observed expression in life and the loss of it in death has been impressed with the indescribable changes manifested, the loss of all that made for living personality.

Expression is as changeful as the clouds, that move in a mysterious majesty across the surface of a summer's sky.

One who has watched the human mechanism and purposeful physiological processes in all their complexity in life, one who has felt the powers of intellectuality and efficiency and can find no satisfactory explanation for them, one who has watched death take away from the human body expression, mental and physical activity, and leave the body cold in the embrace of death, can believe as firmly in the immortality of the soul as in the mortality of man's body.

Thoroughbred

By Christie Lund

CHARLES LEYDON flushed, smiling, bounded down the wide staircase, two steps at a time. He was immaculately dressed in evening clothes. He paused before a long French mirror at the foot of the stairs while he adjusted his tie and smoothed down an unruly lock of hair. As he turned from his reflection he saw his father standing in the doorway looking at him intently.

"Hello, Dad," he greeted, "How goes it?"

"Fine, son, thanks," answered the older man, soberly, "Can you come in a moment?"

"Sure. In my excitement I'm ready ahead of time."

So he followed him into the expensive, softly lighted room. Each time Charles entered this study he thought of how much it was like his father: quiet, sturdy, commanding, yet withal exceedingly friendly. Mr. Leydon motioned him to a chair and then sat down opposite him. He toyed with his watch chain a moment before he spoke, seeming to weigh the words he was about to speak. Charles, watching him, wondered if he was displeased at something he had done. He looked suddenly old in the half darkness and the boy felt a quick wave of tenderness for him.

"Did you go to Goddard this afternoon?" he began finally.

"Yes, Dad, I took the papers to Martha Howart as you requested me to."

"Did Virginia go with you?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. I just wondered about her reaction to—oh, everything."

"Well, she was quite repulsed by the squalor of the place. And the woman was so pitifully old, so humble and yet so eager to be kind. You must have mentioned me to her for she seemed, actually fond of me; she insisted upon giving me a sweater she had made—goodness knows what I'll do with it with half a dozen hanging around now. Who is she, Dad, an old sweetheart?"

The man looked up and said sharply, "No, son, certainly not. She is an old friend, a very good friend, keep that in mind. As to her poverty, I have offered her financial assistance but she is too proud to accept it. However, 'Poverty and riches are of the spirit.' Did you say she seemed—old?"

"Yes, she seemed very old—and hurt. I happened to put my hand on her shoulder and she looked at me with an expression like that in the eyes of a loyal dog, after a kindness. Don't think I was rude to her, I wasn't. Aren't you coming over to DeWitt's soon? It's a big night for me. Mrs. DeWitt has spared nothing to make our announcement party a big event, though I don't think many suspect it, really. Gee, Dad, I'm happy.'

"I'm happy for you, son, Virginia is a fine girl."

"She's perfect—equal to anything. But I'll have to dash or I'll be late and that would never do, would it?" Then, suddenly, the smile disappeared from his face and he added, seriously, "Please, Dad, perk up. You look like you've lost your best friend. Aren't you well?"

"Yes, yes," he assured him, "I am quite well—but—oh, well, run along and I'll see you later."

"O. K. I'll be looking for you."

As the boy turned to go the man reached out his hand as though to detain him but before he could speak the boy, unseeing, had passed beyond the door.

* * *

CHARLES was quite right about Mrs. DeWitt, for though she always entertained perfectly, tonight she had quite surpassed herself. Her home was the largest and most beautifully appointed in town, her servants were the most efficient; she, herself, was the most socially prominent woman—her ancestry had founded the city of Elleston and the public library, public park and several other institutions still bore her grandfather's name. Virginia was the only one to carry on the family traditions.

The dinner had been a huge success; the rooms were scented with the perfume of flowers; music floated through the house, intermingled with the laughter of gay, young voices, controlled fine, voices even in their mirth. There was an atmosphere of refinement pervading the whole affair, refinement matching that of the young man and woman whose betrothal was to be announced.

The evening was drawing to a close. Charles and Virginia dancing together were without question the handsomest couple on the floor, both clean-featured, tall and slim and straight.

"A couple of thoroughbreds" was the way one young man expressed it as they passed him and his partner, but his partner, a modern young woman, disagreed, "A couple of snobs, I'd say."

"No, really," he insisted, "they're the real thing, a little highbrow, but pure gold."

"How do you know they're pure gold? They've never had anything to test their worth, probably never will have, but they have the background and training and that's all that is necessary."

Charles heard the remarks but gave no sign except to hurry Virginia quickly past them. He guided her through an open French door, opening upon a conservatory where they could be alone and unobserved. He looked down into her eyes, raised her slim, white hand to his lips and whispered:

"Darling, this is the happiest moment in my life. To think that in another week you will be mine and that tonight the world will know. Oh, my dear."

She lifted cool, young lips for his swift kiss. "I'm so happy, too," she murmured. "Everyone has been so wonderful—Mother and Dad and your father."

"Yes," he mused, "it seems strange that though he isn't really my father he is all I've ever known."

"Don't think of that tonight, Charles."

Their conversation was interrupted by Mrs. DeWitt accompanied by Mr. Leydon.

"You children will have to pardon this untimely interruption," began Mrs. DeWitt with a knowing smile, "but your father and I were talking and he says he has something to tell us before we make the announcement."

"Perhaps," he said, slowly, unsmilingly, "I should not say what I am going to say or should have said it before, but somehow, I could not bring myself to say it. It is about your parentage, Charles. I have deliberated carefully and have decided that inasmuch as you are a

man now and going to take a wife, you have a right to know all that I know and your fiancee has a right to know also—in case it might make a difference."

"Surely," began Virginia, "It can't possibly make any difference; let's not speak of it."

"I must tell you," insisted the man. "Whether it will make any difference or not remains to be seen. Your father was a fine man but his family objected to his marriage because your mother had no family background. She was quite bitter against them and when your father was killed in an accident, rather than let his parents take you away from her and not wanting to raise you in poverty, she let us adopt you, making us promise that you would know nothing about it until you were a man. I have not seen or heard from her for years—until recently."

"Who was my mother?" asked the boy, quietly.

"I was coming to that. I've always told you that I did not know, but it is—Martha Howart, the woman you saw today in Goddard. Your words about her made me realize that she must have suffered keenly and also that she is getting old. Life owes her something."

The three of them had all perceptibly gasped. "You don't mean the woman Virginia was telling me about this evening?" questioned Mrs. DeWitt. "Why, I understand she did cleaning and mending to make a livelihood—Oh—." She paused, unable to finish.

Charles stood very still, very pale. Virginia stared unseeingly ahead of her, clutching her hands against her breast, her fine mouth trembling, and after a moment she drew up her head and said, almost angrily,

"Mr. Leydon, I think you have waited rather a long time in telling us this. It is indeed a poor time to mention it. Why should you tell him now when he would have been much happier had he never known? It can do nothing for him but hurt him, no one must know, he cannot acknowledge her—."

"That is for him to decide," said the man who had been a father to him, had reared and loved him as his own flesh and blood.

"But it is an utter impossibility, undreamed of," declared Mrs. DeWitt, a hysterical note in her voice, "Half the people in this town have friends in Goddard, it would be no time until the rumor of it would be about."

Charles alone was silent, standing as one transfixed. The three waited for him to speak, but unheedingly he turned and walked a short distance from them. He was thinking deeply. He was remembering the woman he had seen today, the things she had said to him, the look in her eyes. It hurt him tremendously, yet he came back to the three people whose faces were studies in conflicting emotions and said, helplessly, "What shall I do?"

"There is nothing to do, Charles, except to go on as if you did not know. It would ruin everything—our carefully laid plans—" Virginia told him evenly. "Of course, now that you know she is your mother you could arrange to help her in one way or another, but it would be worse than foolish to let sentiment go against reason and to let her come into your life."

"You mean you would refuse to marry me if I acknowledged her?"

"I don't know," she whispered.

"Well, under the circumstances," went on Mrs. DeWitt, it would hardly be wise to proceed further—at this time."

Suddenly, angrily, Charles turned

to his father, "Why," he demanded vehemently, "haven't you told me this before? Why have you raised me in ignorance to this stage and then tell me at the happiest hour of my life? I should have been happier if I had been raised by her, in her class, all my life, than to have to go back to all those things—the common things that I have learned almost to despise."

"I did not tell you before," explained Mr. Leydon quietly, "because it was her wish and because I was selfish in wanting you. I only tell you now because I thought you were a man and old enough to meet a problem for yourself. I thought you might want to do something for her—before it is too late. If you are not that kind of a man it is because I have raised you the way I have. God never made a braver, finer woman than your mother."

Charles stared at the floor, his face pale. After a moment he said softly, "I'm sorry, Dad, forgive me. I love you deeply and somewhere, in my being, I must love her also." Then, "May I have a moment alone with Virginia, please?"

Virginia walked to the door with her mother and he stood waiting, thinking. The words he had said a moment before came back to him and made him flush with shame. On top of them came the words he had heard in the dance, "Snobs—they have never had anything to test their worth." A bitter laugh caught in his throat at the thought of the word, "Thoroughbred."

Again he saw the face of Martha Howart—his mother; saw the look of worship in her face. He realized as his father had suggested that he had been raised to be selfish. Oh, a form of unselfishness had been part of his training but the kind that meant real sacrifice was unknown to him. He remembered the package lying unopened somewhere, the sweater that his mother, with failing eye-sight, tired hands had knitted for him—him, an ingrate—a, he had to admit it—a snob.

He turned to Virginia, who was waiting for him to speak.

"What I said a moment ago was madness, I am truly sorry, he began hurriedly.

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"I mean," he told her, "that I would be worse than a cad if I knew my mother and refused to acknowledge her. You understand, don't you dear, that I have to go to her, have to make up in a measure for all these years she has spent alone. Think of her, working, slaving, hungering, letting me have all the things she could never have, knowing her own flesh and blood was in the world and she couldn't have him, because she wanted him to have a chance—." His voice broke and trailed off into silence.

"But," the girl before him said, incredulously, "in spite of what you have said so eloquently, think of how impossible it would be to go to her. What would people say?"

"I don't care what they would say or think, it is the only thing I could possibly do and keep my self-respect."

"Charles," she interrupted him, "How can you talk like that? Don't you realize what it means to us? Father and Mother would never let us marry—at least, not until the scandal had blown over. You can't love me or you wouldn't submit me to such a humiliation. Think of the talk."

"I can see your point, darling, and it isn't that I don't love you. Why, I love you more than anything in the world. But someone has aptly

said, "I could not love you dear, so much loved I not honor more." This is honor, duty. Why must it disrupt our plans? I am still the same, you are unchanged and our love, surely, can't be affected. Can't we go on the same, unmindful of what people would say?"

"I'm sorry," she sighed, "but I'm afraid we can't. I would be laughed at by people who have said I thought myself better than they. They would be happy to see me in such a position."

"Wouldn't breaking our engagement prove that you did think that? That you considered yourself too good to marry someone whose family didn't measure up?"

She drew herself up haughtily, "The engagement is broken. No one need know the reason unless you choose to go to your mother immediately. Though I should appreciate your waiting a short time."

"As you wish," he conceded.

She slipped a beautiful solitaire from her finger and laid it in his palm and without another word or look left the room. He watched her go with a sickening sense of loss: She had failed to measure up and still he wanted her as he had never wanted anything before, but he could make no move to stop her. Nothing could change his mind now—nothing. He was ashamed that he had ever thought, even momentarily, of any other course.

* * *

SEVERAL months had passed. Winter had given away to spring. The days were warm and long, there was the hum of bees in the stimulating warm air.

After waiting what seemed a decent time Charles had left the home of his foster father and gone to live in his mother's humble abode—in spite of the protests of both. He had gone to work earnestly with his law and was fast becoming one of the best known young lawyers in that section of the country. He found a strange joy, unknown to him before, in being able to accomplish something for himself, in being something more than the pampered son of Elleston's richest man. There was a wealth of peace in his heart each night as he came home and saw the light of pride in his mother's eyes. Now and then his heart ached at remembrance of the girl he had loved, the girl whose love had not been big enough to meet the thing he had asked her to meet. He was still invited to social functions in Elleston and also in Goddard but he declined to go. He often visited Mr. Leydon, whose life was very lonely but the only real satisfaction he knew was in determined, unrelenting work.

"Charles, dear," said his mother one evening as they were seated on the vine-covered porch and she noticed that his eyes kept wandering from the book he was reading to stare into the distance where the purple shadows were settling noislessly upon the world, "Why don't you accept some of the invitations you receive. Mr. Leydon wants you to. I feel that I have robbed you of all the things you spent your life acquiring: your fine friends, your social position—and it hurts me so."

"Mother, please!" he begged her, "Don't talk like that. I never knew what worthwhile things were until I turned from wealth and took up the duty of being a son worthy of such a mother. I can't ever do enough for you, but please believe that I am happier now than I have ever been. My only regret is that I did not find you sooner. Why didn't you let Mr. Leydon know

where you were before, instead of living in secrecy so long?"

She smiled wistfully as she answered, "I thought it wiser not to tell him. It was enough to know that you were alive, well, having the things I couldn't have given you. Then, I learned you were going to be married and I wrote to him, I had to know who you were going to marry; he was very kind, offered to let me come and live with him, as a relative, before you found out. But I'm too old.

"Now, I don't know what it was made you and Miss Virginia break up, but if it was me I would have felt better never to have had you know I was your mother and if you aren't happy you know there is nothing I wouldn't do to make you so."

"Oh, I know, I know," he assured her, "But do you think there is anything a boy needs or wants more than his mother's love? There isn't. And oh, I love you so, dear little mother. I want to be worthy of you and to marry a woman worthy of you. The rift between Virginia and myself was purely a matter of principle."

* * *

VIRGINIA DeWITT was having a talk with her mother that same evening, though of a somewhat different sort. She came home from an afternoon tea, her eyes bright with tears, her cheeks unusually flushed. She had heard a remark that she might have heard months before—had not her dancing partner guided her swiftly past a certain young couple. At the tea she had come into the room unannounced and unnoticed, only to hear her own name mentioned. The same young woman who had doubted her worth before was saying, "I always knew Virginia was a snob. I thought Charles was, too, but he surely proved himself to be just what Jim said he was, a thoroughbred. What wouldn't I do for a man like that."

Virginia slipped out and delayed her entrance until the conversation was well under way on another topic. Then she came in, her usual, poised self. However, her thoughts were aggravation to her and she was glad when it came time to leave. For the first time in her life she questioned herself saying, "I wonder if she could be right? I hadn't thought of it in those terms—I was so sure I was right, but maybe I did ask too much. Maybe—I am a —snob."

By the time she had reached her mother's boudoir she was quite convinced that the girl had been right and she was justifiably angry with herself and her mother and all the influences that had made her as she now saw herself.

"Mother," she began, briefly, throwing her bag and gloves upon the nearest chair, "there is something I want to talk to you about. First, let me say, that if Charles could possibly want me now I am going to marry him; second, both you and I are going to try and make up to him and his mother for the snobs we have been. Yes, we are snobs, Mother, snobs in the truest sense of the word. We have set ourselves up as better than anyone in this town, and why? Because our grandparents happened to put our name into prominence. We have done nothing ourselves, to make us superior. We couldn't, in a hundred years, make the sacrifices that that woman has made. I'm going to them now and get down on my knees if necessary."

She paused, breathlessly, and her mother said, calmly, "There, there, don't get so excited. Don't think

of doing such a thing as going to him, think how ridiculous you would appear to your friends."

"I've already appeared as ridiculous as possible to them. This is my only chance of redeeming myself, though now, for once I'm not thinking of that. I don't care what people think or say. I love Charles and I love his mother for bringing him into the world."

She turned and walked from the room, her head high, her mouth firm, her bearing defying any interference. Mrs. DeWitt watching her knew, in spite of her bewilderment, that she was her mother's daughter.

* * *

Virginia drove her roadster at terrific speed all the way to Goddard. There was no wavering of purpose, no weakening of resolve until she reached the shaded house on West Lake street. Then her heart beat violently, her hand trembled as she tried to open the car door, she was terribly shaken. She did not see Charles sitting in the shadows but he saw her and had all he could do to keep from rushing to her with out-stretched hands. He waited until she was near the porch then arose with an exclamation of surprise. At sight of him she gasped and took hold of the porch railing for support. Somehow, the words were rushing from her, "Charles," she said, "There is something I want to say to you—if you will listen."

"Why, Virginia," he murmured, striving to keep his voice from betraying how he felt, "Come up and sit down."

She sat down beside him in the porch swing and stammered, "I've been an awful fool. I can see it so clearly now. I know you can't possibly care for me any more but I had to come and tell you how sorry and ashamed I am. I thought I was right but I can see now how wrong I was, while you, you were—so splendid."

He drew her into his arms and held her close, pressing his lips against her hair.

"I've wanted a thousand times to come to you," he told her, "but I felt we could never be happy until you understood. Oh, I realize how hard this coming has been for you and I'm proud of you, my sweetheart."

"Proud of me?" she asked tremulously, tears in her eyes, "Why, it's the only fine, decent thing I have ever done. You are a thoroughbred —just like Ruth said. And where is your mother? I want—I want to go to her."

"Kiss me and I'll take you in to her. *She* is the thoroughbred."

The Sphinx of Red Canyon

By Harrison R. Merrill

THE Sphinx of Red Canyon stands just around the first red corner or palisade as one speeds on his way to Bryce Canyon. The statue is between fifteen and twenty feet high and overlooks the road.

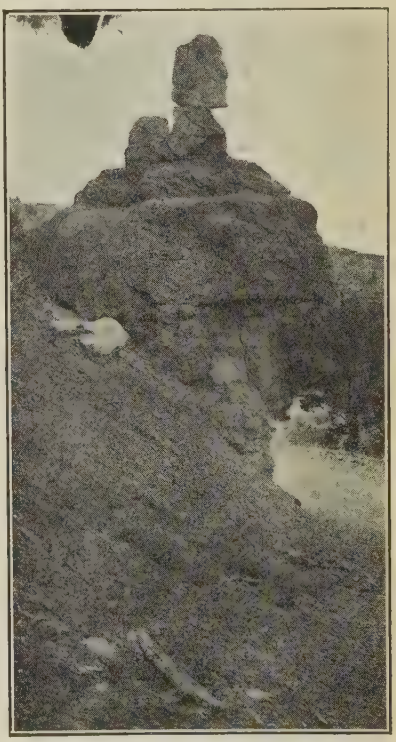
It was only upon a recent trip to the southern Utah wonderland that I became fully aware of the Sphinx. I had known that a certain statue stands beside the road alone, of course, but I had never really known the nature of it until this last trip.

We were rolling along that beautiful Red Canyon road speculating upon how the lava got so intermingled with the red clay and rock of the canyon, when we rounded the red wall that forms almost a gate to the canyon. Then I spied her—or is it him? She was standing there looking calmly out over the vermillion canyon as silent as the most distant star.

Now this statue may be as old as the Sphinx in Egypt; indeed, it may be much, much older. Perhaps it took a thousand years for wind to cut the indentation of her neck or the lip beneath her nose. It might have taken three thousand—nobody can know. That it took a long, long time there can be no doubt.

I studied the silent figure and came to know something of its poise, its fine patience, its enduring silence. Now, Red Canyon can never be the same again. Whenever I roll around that point of rock and come upon my Sphinx, I'll have a new thrill to find her there still unperturbed. I'll feel her presence pervading the ethereal place. I'll never feel alone again in Red Canyon.

Life is like that I think. During the speeding years we find Sphinxes everywhere, their silent faces turned toward the canyons which form our



THE SPHINX OF RED CANYON

lives. They are silent, patient, and poised, but their very presences influence us until at last we are never alone. We do things to spite them, sometimes, because wearied of their presences, we sometimes strive to please, but never, though we may pretend to be, are we unmindful of their questioning stare.

The Friendship of Charles W. Nibley and President Joseph F. Smith

By Preston Nibley

ONE of the most interesting and beautiful things in connection with the life of my honored father, Charles W. Nibley, was the admiration, friendship, and love which he manifested throughout his whole life toward President Joseph F. Smith, and which was returned to him in full measure. I do not recall any similar record of such a friendship, unless it be that of David and Jonathan. It was at least the strongest friendship I have ever known to exist between two men, and it certainly resulted in greatly enriching the lives of both.

Since the death of my father, the family has come into possession of about one hundred pages of his autobiography, which he dictated at various times over a period of twenty years. In this autobiography, he carefully traces a record of his childhood, his immigration from Scotland to this country, his settlement in Rhode Island, and then the trip across the plains, which occurred in the summer of 1860. There is a little note in the autobiography which contains the first mention of his ever coming in contact with or hearing of Joseph F. Smith. The event took place at Omaha, and is as follows:

"I think it was in June, 1860, that we first saw Apostles of the Church—Amasa Lyman, Charles C. Rich, and a young boy, not then an Apostle, Joseph F. Smith by name, here on their way to fill a mission to Europe."

I can picture these two youths taking side-glances at each other, probably out of mere curiosity. My father at that time was a boy of eleven years, barefooted, just beginning his long walk across the plains by the side of his father's covered wagon. President Smith was a mature, strong, young man, twenty-two years of age, going on his way to England to fill his second mission. He had previously filled one at the age of seventeen to the Hawaiian Islands. My father came on to Utah, and after enduring unusual hardships in the settlement of Wellsville, in Cache County, he moved to Brigham City and set himself up there as a merchant. He prospered, more or less, in everything he undertook, and by the time he had reached the age of twenty-five years, he was general freight and passenger agent of the Utah Northern Railroad. In going through his autobiography, there is this second little note of his contact with President Joseph F. Smith:

"I continued to work as a general freight and passenger agent of the Utah Northern Railroad from 1873 to 1877, when I was called on a mission to Europe. President Joseph F. Smith had been called by President Young to go and preside over the European mission. President Smith sent for me and asked me to go with him and take charge of the business affairs of the Liverpool office. This was the beginning of the friendship with President Smith, which has been invaluable to me in so many ways. His example has always been the best and his friendship has always been to me like the friendship of Jonathan and David. From the very first, we seemed to understand each other. I owe so much to him."

My father has often related to me his experiences while on this Euro-

President Joseph F. Smith and Charles W. Nibley, taken at the time they were on a mission in England together, in 1877. President Smith was 39 years of age and C. W. Nibley was 28.

pean mission and how kind and considerate President Smith was in every way toward him. They traveled together throughout the British Isles, preached together, ate together, and at Liverpool, lived in the same house—old Forty-two Islington. As everyone knows, who has been on a mission, there is a natural, strong friendship springs up between an Elder and his companion, but in this case, it was permanent and remained throughout a lifetime.

After returning to Utah, there was a long period of years in which these two men were closely associated, particularly during the old anti-polygamy days, when they often had to be absent from the state. Upon many occasions, they were together and took long journeys to the East and to the Northwest. Whenever my father was in any position where he required advice, he always hastened to President Smith, and sought and obtained the advice and counsel from him.

In the year of 1901, at the death of President Lorenzo Snow, President Smith succeeded him as President of the Church. By this time my father was a very prosperous and busy man, at the height of his career; yet I remember on many occasions when President Smith and members of his family would be at our house to dinner, or we would be at his home visiting with him. The friendship between the

two men continued and grew stronger.

In the summer of 1906, President Smith and my father, together with members of their families, made a trip to Europe. On their return home, they stopped and visited me in Chicago, where I was a student, attending the University there. On that occasion, I accompanied the party on a visit to Carthage and Nauvoo, Illinois. I recall that it was President Smith's first visit to Carthage jail, and never shall I forget how he sank down in a chair and wept in the little jail room, where his father had been killed. Also I shall not soon forget the picture of my father standing by him with his arms around him, silently weeping too. These men had their moments of joy and their times of sorrow together.

In my fathers' autobiography under date of December, 1907, there is this:

"Early in the month of December, 1907, President Smith sent for me to come to the President's office. He said to me: 'Charlie, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints needs a presiding bishop, and you have been chosen for that place.' Of course it was a great surprise to me. I had never dreamed of acting in that office, but I was glad, and even anxious to do anything I could to assist President Smith in his administration of Church affairs, and I told him so. He took me in his arms and kissed me and wept tears of joy as he hugged me and blessed me, as only he can do."

During the time my father was presiding bishop, he traveled far and wide with President Smith. They took two trips to Europe together, four trips to the Hawaiian Islands, and many throughout the various states, and to Canada. In the autobiography, father says:

"Surely it was a great favor and blessing to me to be thus privileged to associate with one whom I so dearly loved and who was always so companionable with me."

On a certain occasion in Salt Lake City—to be exact, I find it was under date of November 14, 1913—there was a large reception at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. McCune on North Main Street. During the course of the evening President Smith was called upon to address the group. He was in a happy frame of mind and complimented one and another, and also bore his deep, strong, testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel. Suddenly, pointing to my father he said, "This is my bishop and he is the Lord's bishop. He is the presiding bishop of the Church, and he is a good man in his place. I know that the voice of the Lord spoke to me about his choice and calling to that position, just as well as I know that I am speaking to you tonight. It was all just as clear to me as my voice is clear to me now while I am speaking to you."

About Christmas time of this same year, my father presented to President Smith four volumes of Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, by Thomas Carlyle. As an inscription in volume one, he wrote: "To President Joseph F. Smith, the best friend I have ever had and the truest." In the third volume, Bishop David A. Smith has recently shown me a little writing of his father's, which neither of us had known prior to be there. It is as follows: "From Honorable Charles W. Nibley, the most generous, truest, and most unselfish friend I ever had, except only my wives, my children, and my Heavenly Father. I thank God for such a friend and invoke His eternal favor and blessings upon him."

On many and all occasions, during the lifetime of my father and President Smith, especially during

the time they were associated together as officers in the Church, it was always my father's first desire, as he termed it, "to help make President Smith's administration successful." I might say that he gave the principal efforts of his bishopric to that service.

After reading the above lines, one can well understand what a shock and a blow it was to my father when in November, 1918, President Smith passed away. Father records in his autobiography as follows:

"On November 19, 1918, my dearest and best of friends, my most lovable and precious brother, President Joseph F. Smith, passed from this sphere to his reward in the life beyond. This brought the greatest sorrow into my life, for to me, he was my ideal. If I could only be assured that I would be worthy to associate with him in the Hereafter, I would be happy indeed."

On the day of the funeral, standing beside President Smith's open grave, he paid him this loving tribute:

"He did not set himself up to be great; for he was so simple, so unostentatious, so gentle, loving, and kind; and yet, when his spirit was roused at any indignity, at any insult, no man could or would more fiercely or more quickly resent it; but his life was gentle and he was a man such as we seldom see. I say, from my point of view, here lies the body of the greatest man and the best man in all the world."

It took my father many years to recover from the loss of this great friend, and indeed, I do not know that he ever recovered.

In going through some of my father's papers after his death last December, I came upon this beautiful letter, written to him by President Smith on February 5, 1916. The letter is almost too sacred to print, and yet I want to reproduce it, as I think it is one of the most beautiful letters ever penned. It expresses in the fullest measure the glorious friendship which President Smith felt towards my father, and it also expresses his wonderful and abiding faith in the favors of our Lord:

"Feb. 5, 1916

"Bishop Charles W. Nibley
"City.
"My Beloved Brother and
Most Respected Bishop.

"I welcome your 67th birthday anniversary with the fullness and richness of its accompanying gifts and blessing from above and all around—with all my heart and soul. How glad I would be if I could simply add just one blessing more—just one joy or holy pleasure to all of those you already possess, by God's kind providence in your behalf.

"You are already assured that there is nothing in this world, in my opinion, too good for you, and that the lightest grief or smallest hurt or wrong would be most unwelcome and unkind and undeserved.

"God bless my friend and brother. May each of the many anniversaries to come be better and happier than the last. May every noble desire and ambition of your heart be crowned with success, and every aspiration of your soul be not only pure and good—but readily attained. May the highest wisdom and the clearest foresight always guide you in your individual pursuits, and in your public duties and business. May the record of your Bishopric be spotless and the glory of your Stewardship excell that of all who have gone before. May your name go down the coming ages in most honorable and loving remembrance, and your posterity minister forever in righteousness before the Living God.

"May the honor and glory of Divine Priesthood and Authority never depart from your House—nor forsake your posterity.

"Oh God bless the Presiding Bishop of Thy Church, and his associates, and secure unto them the heart-felt love and confidence of Thy people, and make them a mighty power in Thine hand for good. With abiding love and confidence, I am

Your brother,
"Joseph F. Smith."

If I were to be asked what secret lay at the bottom of whatever success my father had in life, I think I should answer: "He had a friend."

Side Lights on the Book of Mormon

By John Henry Evans

VI—Influence of the Record

WHILE the *Book of Mormon* was being set up at the printer's in Palmyra, there came into the office one day a young man about thirty years old.

"I'm looking for someone," he said, "who can give me some information about a book that was revealed by an angel and that is being printed here."

Martin Harris happened to be in the printing office just then, and the stranger was referred to him.

"My name is Marsh," the stranger explained—"Thomas B. Marsh. I was on my way from Charleston, Massachusetts, to my old home in New York, when I heard that an angel had appeared to one of your townsmen and made known to him a book of plates. What about it?"

Martin Harris took Marsh to the Smith home in Manchester, where they found Oliver Cowdery. Oliver told him the strange story, so that he got it firsthand.

Returning some time later to the printer's, Marsh was given sixteen pages of the book that was to be. This he took home with him, reading it on the way and pondered over what he had been told. He believed what he had read and what he had been told about the book; and when he related the story to his wife and read to her the sixteen pages, she, too, believed.

Later Thomas B. Marsh, with his family, moved to New York, was baptized, and, when the first quorum of apostles was organized, became its president.

In September, 1830, a youth of twenty-three came to Fayette, New York, where the Church had been organized five months before.

He was from Ohio, and was a preacher in the Campbellite church. For some reason, unknown even to himself, he made a journey of several hundred miles, with his wife, to New York, where his father's family lived. On his way there he stopped off to see some friends. Here he came across a strange book called the *Book of Mormon*. He was told that this book had been revealed by an angel to Joseph Smith, and been translated by him from some gold plates.

This interested him very much, for he believed in angels and revelation, and had often wondered about the origin of the American Indians.

So he read the book eagerly. And, what is more, he believed it, and made up his mind to pay a visit to the young man who had been so highly favored of God. Thereupon he sent his wife on to his folks and went himself to Fayette. Here he was baptized.

This youth was Parley P. Pratt who afterwards became an apostle in the Church.

Not long after this Elder Pratt with others, went on a mission to the frontiers in Missouri, to preach the new message to the Indians. He took with him copies of the *Book of Mormon*. One of these he left at the home of a man named Carter who lived out some distance west of Kirtland, where the missionaries had converted more than a hundred people.

Carter read the Nephite Record

believed it, went to Kirtland, was there baptized and ordained an elder, and, returning to his home town, converted sixty persons.

Out from Boston lived a practicing physician by the name of Willard Richards. This was in 1835.

He had heard that somewhere in the West a young man named Joseph Smith had found a gold Bible. But he had paid no attention whatever to the rumors about the Prophet and about the people who believed in him.

One day he visited his cousin, Lucius Parker. It happened that Brigham Young had left at the Parker home a copy of the *Book of Mormon*. Dr. Richards, on seeing the volume lying on the table, picked it up and began to read it. After reading half a page, he exclaimed:

"Either God or the Devil has had a hand in the making of this book, for man never wrote it!"

Twice over he read the book, and that within ten days. And he believed it to be true. Pretty soon, after arranging his affairs, he moved to New York State, joined the Church, and became an active worker in the new organization. At different times he was private secretary to the Prophet and counsellor to President Young.

That is what the *Book of Mormon* did for these three men. And what it did for them it has done for tens of thousands of others—men and women.

Aside from the *Bible* itself no book has so greatly influenced the lives of people as the *Book of Mormon*.

Other books there are, of course, that have influenced human life. Some of them have created revolutions in the world of thought and action. Darwin's *Origin of Species* has done that. But the influence of such books has not been directly, as a rule, through the reading of them by the masses, but rather indirectly through the speech and writings of men who had studied them, through the wide dissemination of the ideas they contain.

But the influence of the *Book of Mormon* has often been direct on the masses. Men and women have read it by the hundreds of thousands, and been remade by its powerful words and story. And this has been going on for a hundred years in all the civilized nations of the globe. It is written, not in the learned words of the scholar, but in the common vernacular of the people. In its pages are the things that the masses can understand, because they are the things and the ideas they themselves have experienced in one form or another.

A Scottish woman in the early days of the Church, a convert and the wife of a sea captain, once put in the bottom of her husband's trunk a copy of the *Book of Mormon* as she packed it for him. He was not a member of the Church, and would never either talk about religion or read any of the literature concerning it, and he was very bitter over the fact that his wife had joined "Mormonism." This placing of the Nephite Record in his way was the last daring resource of his tactful wife.

He came back from the ocean voyage on this occasion a convert to the faith, and was baptized as soon as he landed on his home shores. The *Book of Mormon* had done it. Things going wrong with him on the trip, he ransacked his trunk for something to read, and ran upon this book, the only piece of reading matter there. In sheer hunger for something to occupy his mind with, he read it through more

than once—with the result stated.

There have been a great many cases like that, where people have been led into the Church in so humble a way by the *Book of Mormon* that no one has known of the means through which it was done.

But the influence of the *Book of Mormon* has been indirect, too, like that of other great world books. That is, people who have not read it have nevertheless been greatly affected by its contents.

They have been influenced by some of its dynamic sentences: "I know that the Lord giveth no commandment unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commandeth them." That is from Nephi. And Lehi says, "Adam fell that men might be; and men are that they might have joy." These, and many like them, have become so commonplace among our sayings that doubtless there are persons who do not really know their source.

And people have been influenced in their lives by some of the scenes in the *Book of Mormon,* although they may never have read these in the Record itself. That one where Lehi's family wanders in the wilderness on their way to the Promised Land, because God has commanded them; the scene in which the converted Lamanites lay down their lives rather than take up their swords to shed human life; that one in which the faithful Teancum steals out at night to plunge a javalin into the heart of the enemy of his people and loses his own life in the act; the picture of the last days of Moroni, son of Mormon, as he snatches a few moments from his dangerous situation to set down the last words in the gold book his father has left him—those words that have been quoted a million times about how to test the truth of the *Book of Mormon.* These all, and others as vivid, have become indelible on minds that have never gone to the place where they are to be found in detail.

And the influence of the *Book of Mormon* has always been good. That is the final test of the worth of a book. Not whether it is well written, not whether this one or that wrote it, not the question of time or place, but how does it affect the reader—this is to go to the heart of a bit of reading of any sort. Tens of thousands of men and women in modern times can testify that the Nephite Record, in the language of the book itself, has "led them to righteousness" in their lives. It has helped them to bear the burden in the heat of the day.

Among the indirect effects of the *Book of Mormon* not the least by any means is that which has come to the descendants of those about whom the Record tells—the American natives.

The Latter-day Saints have sympathized with the American Indian, because through the Book of Mormon they knew how he came to be what he is. And they have always sought to treat him with humanity and kindness.

The *Book of Mormon* has created this attitude.

The Nephite Record had no sooner been published in English than some Church members went to the borders of the United States to see what could be done to redeem the natives there through the record of their forefathers. This was known as the Mission to the Lamanites. It did not succeed in the way the missionaries hoped, but it exhibits the attitude of the early

Church toward the descendants of Lehi and Mulek.

Later, when the Saints came West, one of their problems grew out of their relations with the Indians. But it was the *Book of Mormon* ideas that solved this problem for the "Mormons." Said Brigham Young, "It is better to feed than to fight the Indian." His general policy with them was to seek to help them, rather than to antagonize them, to deal out justice rather than cruelty and deceit. And this policy was followed in the main. The result was that the "Mormon" people here had less trouble with the natives than did any other colonists in the nation.

Nothing better expresses the spirit of the Saints in their relation to the Indians than the work of Jacob Hamblin, the "Mormon" Leatherstocking, as he was often called.

Shortly after he came to Utah he was sent at the head of some men from Tooele to capture a band of Indians that had stolen cattle belonging to the settlers there. On reaching the camp of the natives, he induced the leaders to go with him to Tooele, on the promise that their lives would not be endangered thereby. But when Hamblin got to the settlement with his prisoners, the leader of the colony ordered the natives to be lined up against the wall and shot to death. Hamblin protested, but to no avail. In the end he sprang in front of the line of red men and said to the white leader:

"Let me be the first one to be shot. I gave my word of honor to these people that they would be spared. If that word is not to be honored, then I will die with them."

And he explains that, just before this, he had a very strong feeling that if he never harmed these barbarians, he would never be harmed by them. "I would not have hurt them," he adds, "for all the cattle in Tooele valley!"

During the rest of his life he devoted himself to the education of the Indians. He studied them, he ate with them, he conversed with them, he worked with them, and he prayed with them in their own simple way. Also he never deceived them. And to the end of his long life his name among the Indian tribes hereabouts was the synonym of integrity and fair dealing. He got into many close places during his life, where his life was at stake, but his record always pulled him through unscathed.

And the influence of the *Book of Mormon* will yet redeem the red man—not only the few hundred thousand in the United States, those on its reservations, but also the millions of other descendants of *Book of Mormon* peoples in Mexico and South America.

Probably those fine spirits who indited the pages of the smaller and the larger plates of Nephi, as well as the last of the Nephite historians, never dreamed that their work would have such a profound influence on whites and reds generations after they themselves were in their graves. But such has been the fact. Thousands upon thousands of men and women in the last hundred years bless the names of those writers for having brought peace and hope into their hearts and goodness into their lives; and doubtless many millions yet to come will do the same.

Lesson Preparation and Union Meeting

Address delivered at Relief Society Conference, April 6, 1932,
By Kate M. Barker

OUR Relief Society was organized for a two fold purpose—service and education—service to humanity, and education of the individual woman, in order that each one of us may serve better.

In our social service case work, the social service aid first studies the theory of case work. She applies this technique in her investigation and finds out all the facts that she can for each individual case. She makes a definite plan for each family, with its rehabilitation as an objective. This plan is used in actual service.

I wonder if in our lesson work we are using some intelligent effort along this line; how to plan and present a lesson to get the desired results? Education is not just the acquiring of facts, but it is the applying of these facts to actual living. Our inner life grows daily on what we feed upon, what we apply in thought and action this day, tomorrow will be personality and character. The end we want to reach in our lessons is some desired change in the thoughts and experiences of our women, and the subject matter, no matter how beautiful, is but a means to an end. Facts in and of themselves are of no importance, it is only when we see their significance, when we see through them, to the truths beyond, that they are of value. Why do we study history and literature, the Bible and the Book of Mormon? Certainly not to get a collection of interesting facts, but because the mistakes and victories of the past help us to better understand the present and help us to clearer and straighter thinking about our own problems. Their testimonies strengthen our testimonies, and give us a goal for further achievement. All these cultural and spiritual truths have come out of the experience of men and women who have been engaged in the actual business of living, and to have significance must be put back into life. They must be set to work by us who are learning, that we may live better, happier and more fruitful lives.

Our teaching must make a lasting impression. We have all, no doubt, heard a lesson given which was just an accumulation of facts, and was interesting while it was being listened to, but afterwards there was no lasting impression. The lessons that we remember are the ones that are built into our lives, and that afterwards shape our thinking and acting. The appeals that touch only the surface of the mind are of no more benefit than writing upon the sand. Psychologists tell us that the mind is able to pay attention to but one thing at a time, and that for a lesson to make a lasting effect it must be able to lend some definite truth, and the facts organized to build up this truth. Like the sunglass, to be effective, the rays must be focussed on a single point.

Are our Relief Society women just passive during the lesson period, enjoying possibly a pleasant hour, but receiving no lasting benefit, or is each one of them taking away from each lesson some definite truth

which she can dwell upon and think about and build into her life? Might we not judge the effect of our past lessons by some such question as this? Is our faith ever increasing, and is it an active faith, which spurs us to live nearer to our Father in Heaven? Does it make us desirous of helping others to enjoy the happiness which the gospel brings? Are we learning more and more what traits and characteristics in man make for true and lasting happiness, and meet with the approval of the Lord? Are we receiving an enthusiasm which will spur us to try to build these characteristics into our own lives? Is our appreciation of literature growing? Are we reading better and better books? Is the type of magazine in our homes getting better and better? Are we getting a higher appreciation of life and life's values? Are we developing power and leadership and compelling personality? I think these can be called the objectives we want to reach in our lesson work.

It puts a great responsibility on the teacher; surely all the thought and prayer that we can put on this subject is worth while. One of the requisites of a good teacher is enthusiasm for the subject she is teaching. In our theology work nothing can take the place of a vital religious experience, and that the teacher has a strong personal testimony of the truth of what she is teaching. But even this cannot take the place of thorough preparation. Our best educators have worked out a very fine technique for the planning and presentation of a lesson, and I think it is well worth our while to spend some time in consideration of this.

1. Begin early to study the lesson —a last minute preparation is like passing a snap judgment on a subject. A subject that is pondered over takes on richer meaning.

2. Get a broader background. The teacher must know much more than she can possibly use in presenting the lesson.

3. Choose the objective. Out of the facts and experiences in the lesson, what conclusion can we come to that will strengthen our testimony, or that we can apply to help us live better lives?

4. After we have come to this conclusion and know our object, we must completely organize the material. All the facts are not equally important. We must learn to choose the significant facts, and fill in the details as time permits. We must budget our time.

After our lesson is carefully planned to be successful we must consider this. We have the objective, we have come to our conclusion, now how does this great objective touch our lives? Then when the lesson is ready, and we feel we are thoroughly prepared, comes the question, "How can we best present it to the members to put over this idea?" Sometimes the lecture method is best, sometimes the question method, and sometimes a combination, but certainly it is better to vary the method, and not always use the same. No matter what the method used, the responsibility of having a definite plan is just as important, because it is up to the class leader to guide the discussion, to coordinate the facts in order that the lesson will present a united goal.

Our auxiliary organizations, realizing the importance of this planning, have asked that each organization in the stake hold a union meeting once a month, where each department can meet by itself to discuss the lesson work. A stake

leader is chosen for each department. The object is better planning, and better presentation of the lessons. Our union meeting becomes sort of a combined teacher-training and preparation meeting. The stake leaders are the ones to lead out in this work. The union meeting guards against the last minute preparation. There is an economy of time, because each teacher benefits by the supplementary material that is brought in by the other teachers. All teachers have not the same access to books and libraries. There is chance for discussion; points that have not been understood by one member can probably be cleared up in the discussion.

The responsibility for the success of this union meeting is on the stake board leader. She must be thoroughly prepared herself. We sympathize with the problem that some stakes face in not having adequate room for each department to meet by itself, but this is the ideal we should work for, if our union meetings are to be successful.

A few years ago Sister Robison planned a campaign for home beautification. We studied what flowers to plant, how to plant them, and how to care for them, and Relief Society women all over the Church planted beautiful gardens. We have been thrilled when we have gone into the little towns and seen these beautiful gardens. This is the idea that we want to reach in our lesson work, that these beautiful truths will be planted and blossom in the souls of our women, and thus spread to the whole world. The responsibility is on the stake worker. It will take a great deal of time, but all the time and consecration that we can give to this work will come back to us a hundred fold in enriched experience. Let us strive for it!

To Margaret W. Manning

On the twentieth anniversary of her service as President of Bear River Stake Relief Society

By Edith E. Anderson

Friendship is a tender plant
That stronger grows with care;
To those who cultivate with love,
It yields its blossoms rare.

These precious flowers, your pathway throng;
We gather them today
And weave a garland for you dear,
And thus our homage pay.

A queen in fellow-service,
You stand among us now,
The majesty of service crowns
Your noble pensive brow.

Twenty years have winged their way
To join the ages past,
Since as our faithful president
Your willing lot was cast.

Twenty years of faithful trust
To help a cause along,
Twenty years of inward growth
Have made your spirit strong.

We love your sweet humility,
Your kind and gentle ways;
Your peaceful words and counsels wise
Have won our love and praise.

We wish you joy and happiness;
We know that sweet content
Must fill the heart of one whose life
Has been so nobly spent.

We pray that peace and health be yours
Throughout the coming years.
Long may your leadership guide
Our R. S. Stake careers.

The Wedding Gift

By Coral J. Black

MY husband's mother had given the patchwork quilt to me for a wedding present. Girl-like I was dreadfully disappointed when I beheld its conglomerate ugliness.

Publicly I smiled and offered a grudging "thank you," but privately I simply spilled bitter, outraged tears over the offending gift.

Why, I asked myself, could Bob's mother not have given me her "Lone Star," a beautiful creation in pale yellow and black set in bright-toned blue? Only a single magnificent star, yet the eight points completely covered the bed and boasted five hundred and twelve blocks used in its construction. Or there was another, "The Lost Children," a queer pattern of gray and red triangles, its strange name resulting from as strange a circumstance; and what of her pretty "Log Cabin" made of silk scraps, or the "Grecian Braid," or the "May Basket." Oh she had so many *lovely* quilts and then to have given me, Bob's wife, this, this —well, words were too weak to express my chagrin.

The center was a square of tiny blocks scarcely an inch in diameter, and from this radiated more squares, each tier containing slightly larger pieces until the outer border loomed resplendent in three inch blocks.

There was no pretense at art, no careful selection of colors, no slightest hint of pattern, merely row upon row of tiny blocks sewn together.

I folded the offending gift and placed it upon the springs under my mattress, never removing it except for an occasional airing. But I did like Bob's mother. She was a small white-haired lady, whose every word and act bespoke a gentle heart and an innate refinement; moreover I knew she was genuinely fond of me and what more potent reason does one person need for loving another?

Often she visited us and upon several different occasions I noticed her kindly brown eyes observing me, as I spread up my pretty bed, as though searching for something she failed to find, and once she asked,

"Marie, where is the quilt I gave you, don't you care for it?"

I could not hurt her and a quick lie rose to my lips, "Oh yes, indeed I do, Mother, but I am far too careful of it to use it every day."

I know I must have looked as guilty and shamed as I felt and it seemed to me those steady brown eyes were reading my very thoughts, but she never mentioned it again.

A year later Bob's Aunt Eunice came to visit us. Put to the necessity of making an extra bed I took the gift quilt from its hiding place and spread it on the davenport, carefully concealing its brazen ugliness beneath a satin spread.

But Aunt Eunice, after weighing the covers, decided there were more than she cared for and folded back the heavy spread.

A cry of delight escaped her lips as her gaze rested upon that quilt.

"Rella's lovely 'History Quilt!' How do you come to have it?"

"Bob's mother gave it to me for a wedding gift," I explained, "do you really think it pretty?"

Some of the amazement I felt

must have been mirrored in my face, for Aunt Eunice smiled and drew me down beside her on the davenport.

"I did not say 'pretty' Marie, I said 'lovely' and it is all of that and more. Bob's mother is not *pretty* but you would not demur if the term *lovely* were applied to her."

"Indeed I would not," I agreed hastily. "Bob's mother is the loveliest woman I have ever known, for you know, Aunt Eunice, I never saw my own mother."

Aunt Eunice responded with a gentle pressure.

"I am glad you feel that way, and believe me, dear child, she is worthy of your deepest admiration."

"I'm surprised," she continued after a moment, "that Rella never told you the history of this wonderful quilt, but since she has not, I shall."

Aunt Eunice arose, removed the spread, and straightened the quilt.

"Marie, there isn't a block in this quilt but has a story of its own, except where there may be several blocks of the same material.

"This little square in the center is a left-over block from a quilt our mother pieced just before she died. Rella conceived the idea of using it as a center to preserve it and of adding other choice bits to it.

When we crossed the plains Rella was ill and unable to walk, as most of us did, so she sat in the wagon propped up with pillows and sewed on her quilt. These next four borders were made during that journey and every scrap of cloth in them was given to her by some member of the wagon train."

"This light blue cashmere was given to her by sister T— who died a few days later and was buried in the wilderness with her infant on her breast—these small pieces of white albatross were from that baby's dress." Aunt Eunice's voice grew gentle and her eyes retrospective as she added, "I can see Rella yet, as she stitched the tiny squares together, her lips trembling with emotion and great tears welling from her eyes.

"This striped collonade was from Rella's wedding gown and this polka-dot from my own," Aunt Eunice laughed and pointed to a piece of heavy gray silk, "quite different to the wedding gown our mother wore. But you must remember *we* were *pioneers,* while she was the only daughter of a wealthy Southern Planter.

"This queer piece of goods—Persian effect—they call it now, was from some curtains Mother once had. Rella said the little figures looked like worms and always insisted on calling it the 'worm cloth.'

"This gray twill is a piece from *your* Bob's first suit—it was made from a skirt of his mother's, and this from the dress he was christened in.

"This," Aunt Eunice laughed gayly, "is from a patch Rella once put on the front of a dress, when a very small girl. She tore the entire front out of a new dress—a great disaster in those days, and Mother made her patch it. It took days of arduous work and of course the dress could never be worn again, but she always cherished that patch more, I believe, than any other piece she had.

After we came to Utah it became quite a fad with Rella to collect scraps for her quilt. It grew very slowly, for each piece must be worthy the place allotted it.

This entire row, all four sides, are pieces from the wedding gowns of our friends. This corn-colored cashmere was Rella's best dress for

several years, changing from corn-color to brown and then to black as the years passed. I've heard her express regret, many times, that she had not kept a relic from each of its varying existences.

"This piece of homespun plaid is from the dress she wore the night she became engaged to Bob's father. This entire row is made of bits from dresses worn by Evelyn, her only daughter, who died at fifteen.

"But dear me, child, it's ten o'clock and it would take me the rest of the night to give you the history of each piece."

While Aunt Eunice had been talking a startling change had taken place in that despised quilt. It seemed to unfold before my eyes like a rose bursting into bloom.

When I considered the many years those tender hands had stitched upon it and the great love which had prompted her to part with so priceless a possession, tears rose to my eyes. It had indeed become lovely to me.

I put my arms around Aunt Eunice and gave her a regular bear hug.

"Oh thank you, Aunt Eunice, for such a wonderful hour, for telling me *why* I should cherish this quilt! How ashamed I am to have slighted Mother's gift, how unappreciative she must think me."

"I don't believe you cared so much for it, did you?" and Aunt Eunice pinched my arm playfully.

"Really, I didn't like it, I confessed, "I could hardly bear to look at it, but now I see it is lovely because of its associations. I shall never rest until I know the history of every single block and I shall call it my *Treasure Quilt.*"

Aunt Eunice smiled at me with deep understanding in her eyes.

Nancy Lou

By Nona H. Brown

Nancy Lou! Nancy Lou!
Is the name, dear, for you
Wee round head, eyes of blue,
Tiny, sweet, Nancy Lou.

Nancy Lou! Nancy Lou!
Happy through the years with you,
Praying God to keep you true,
My own, wee, Nancy Lou!

Father, my thanks for this new day
Give me strong hand, clear eye to see
That all I write upon its page
May show the love I have for thee.

Rickets—Cause and Prevention

By Anna Page, Nutrition Specialist, State Department of Education

WHAT is meant by rickets? What causes rickets? What prevents rickets?

When rickets is mentioned today something quite different is meant than the rickets of twenty years ago. During the last twelve years our knowledge of rickets has greatly increased. "Newer rickets" is the term used to designate the disorder of the bone, which may be so mild that it readily escapes observation, unless X ray pictures are taken. The cause of the newer rickets is known, and the dominant role that ultra violet light plays in prevention and cure of rickets is appreciated. Compare this to the "older rickets" which is characterized by the markedly bent extremities, and the chest greatly misshapen.

Rickets is a condition in which the body's use of the minerals, calcium and phosphorus is so disturbed that the bone does not form or grow normally. When calcium phosphate fails to deposit in the bone there is an over-growth of cartilaginous tissue at the end of the long bones which causes the all too familiar enlargements of wrists, ankles, and rib junctions. The "rachitic rosary," an enlargement or beading where the front and back ribs join, results from rickets. Because the bones do not grow and develop normally, the chest becomes noticeably contracted resulting in the "pigeon breast," which is a distinct sign of rickets. The pigeon breast is one of the worst deformities of rickets, as it may interfere with respiration throughout life, thus making the child more susceptible to colds, tuberculosis and the other diseases of the respiratory tract. Bowlegs and knock knees result when the leg bones are not strong enough to support the weight of the child learning to walk. In severe cases, rickets affects the shape of the head. The skull develops "bosses" on the sides and front, and the shape becomes square. The pelvis of the female is arrested which makes child birth more dangerous.

Rachitic children are usually restless, irritable, listless, the muscles are relaxed, softening of the bone occurs, walking is delayed, and there is sluggishness in the intestines producing constipation, weak abdomen, which results in pot belly. In some cases severe anemia accompanies rickets. There is disturbance of the nervous system which may result in convulsions. Rickets also has to be considered in connection with the pneumonia of infants. It is believed that rickets increases the susceptibility to pneumonia.

Since teeth consist of a material similar to bone, diet or conditions unfavorable for the building of bone may also lead to poor teeth and dental caries. Teeth that are malformed, delayed, badly spaced, and subject to decay are considered symptoms of rickets.

In rickets growth may not be retarded necessarily since nature seems to allow the bones to increase in length to conform with growth in other tissues, but their rigidity is decreased because there has not been a sufficient deposit of the stiffening material. Consequently we may see the infant on the high

carbohydrate fattening diet, looking plump and well nourished, when an X-ray may reveal that the bones are not keeping up with the growth of the body as a whole. When such children begin to walk they show the characteristic signs of rickets already listed.

The knowledge of rickets has been so greatly increased that it should be a crime for any child to have rickets at the present time. Parents should realize the importance of the prevention of rickets rather than the delayed interest in the cure of them. The old proverb, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" fits in very aptly in the case of rickets.

The aim in bone development is not only to prevent bone deformities but to see that the bone development will give a good framework for the body. A house is no stronger than its framework. The body cannot be well built, or well proportioned unless the bones which represent the frame work of the body are well formed and well developed.

Hess and Unger in a paper published in 1921 wrote: "Rickets is the most common nutritional disease occurring among the children of the temperate zone. Fully three-fourths of the infants in the great cities such as New York, show rachitic signs of some degree." Forbes and Green have given us an account of rickets as it occurs in Denver, Colorado. Among some 500 children under the age of two years, rickets occurred to some extent in almost one-third of the cases studied. In Ogden, Utah, rickets was found by E. H. Smith in about 18 per cent of the cases studied under his observation. These children were living under excellent hygienic conditions. There is no doubt that rickets is common throughout the United States; that the severity is less in areas such as Colorado, inland Southern California, and Utah. Studies also show that rickets in Arizona, New Mexico and other southern states of the Union are far less common and of a milder intensity than in the northern states. Utah, because of the altitude and amount of sunshine, gives the necessary conditions for the prevention of rickets, yet unless the growing baby receives specific care, the bones will not be well developed and rickets may result. Work in Utah should be for protection rather than cure in the case of rickets.

Hess believes that the new born infant brings with it into the world little of the protective factor against rickets. He says that rickets probably starts during the first weeks of life. The usual time for rickets to develop is between three months and two years of age. The first two years of life of the baby is the time to protect the child and insure normal bone development.

Rickets occurs with exceptional frequency and in exaggerated degrees in premature infants. Rickets is far more common and severe among bottle-fed than among breast fed babies. Rickets has a seasonal incidence, with its peak in the winter and early spring and its ebb during the summer months. It is clear then, that premature infants, twins, bottle fed babies, and all normal babies, especially during the winter, need specific protection against rickets.

THREE factors are necessary for the prevention of rickets, first, use of the right amount or proportion of calcium and phosphorus in the food; second, a sufficient amount of vitamin D; third, exposure to ultra violet radiation, which may be gained from sunlight or some arti-

ficial source. Rickets may result from the lack of any one of these factors, but usually more than one factor is concerned.

Bones are composed largely of calcium and phosphorus, about 99 per cent of the calcium of the body is found in the skeleton. If there is an insufficient amount of calcium in the diet of the child the bones are the first part of the body to suffer. During the first two years of life comes the greatest skeletal development, thus the growing child demands the large amounts of calcium and phosphorus. Bone formation takes place normally when calcium and phosphorus are retained in the infant's body in the proportion of approximately two to one. This is about the ratio in the human milk. This is probably the reason that there is a lower percentage of rickets in breast fed babies than in bottle fed babies, although breast fed babies are not immuned and need protection against rickets.

In most cases, if milk forms the principal part of the diet, calcium and phosphorus will not be lacking in the diet. But in order to have the growing body use or retain these minerals vitamin D is necessary in the diet. Vitamin D is essential in helping in the calcification of the bone. Cod liver oil is a most valuable source of vitamin D. It has been used for many years in the treatment of rickets. Only in the last eight years has the reason been known for this curative effect of cod liver oil.

In the six years from 1922-1927 our imports of cod liver oil and cod oil together have more than doubled. This probably means that the increased use of cod liver oil in the United States will help in the reduction of rickets.

Cod liver oil is not the only source of vitamin D, although it seems to be the most dependable. Every child at least up to two years of age should have the benefits of cod liver oil. Cod liver oil is not only valuable because of the high vitamin D content, but also because it is an excellent source of vitamin A. Vitamin A is valuable for the baby in large amounts for the promotion of growth and building up the resistance of the child. Thus double protection is offered to the child by the regular use of cod liver oil.

The second most potent source of vitamin D, after fish oils, is egg yolk. Egg yolk helps both in the prevention and cure of rickets if used in the diet of the baby. Dr. Hess gives egg yolk to bottle fed babies as early as five weeks, sometimes giving only the half of a raw egg yolk. The richness of eggs in vitamin D is merely one of many reasons for their increased emphasis in their use in the diet. Physicians and nutritionists are realizing that the excellent educational campaign for increasing the use of milk could well be supplemented by a similar one for eggs, to the great advantage of babies, children, and adults.

THE prevention or cure for rickets that is being recognized more at the present time is that of ultra violet light, or the sun. The ultra violet light has a marked effect on the utilization of calcium and phosphorus. It is generally understood that there is a fat like substance in the skin, called ergosterol. When the short rays of the sun shine on this substance, it is rectivated or changed to vitamin D. Thus ultra violet light from the sun gives the same protection against rickets as other sources of vitamin D.

The short rays of the sun are the valuable rays. Their intensity varies under different conditions, as

altitude, moisture, climate, and the time of day. It is common knowledge that the sunlight of the mountain tops has more ultra violet light than that of the lowlands. This is shown by the fact that the skin burns and tans more readily there, and the sun's glare is harder on the eyes. Measurements of results made at sea level and on a high mountain show twice as much ultra violet light at the higher altitude as at the lower altitude.

Reflection from snow may almost double the light intensity. Water, too, is an excellent reflector of the ultra violet rays, and hence the easy tanning at the seashore in spite of the low altitude. Haze, cloudiness, or dust lowers the amount of ultra violet light.

There is more ultra violet light at noon than in the early morning or late afternoon, and also more in the summer than in the winter. In many large cities during the winter the smoke and dust particles filter out the ultra violet light until very few of the short rays reach the earth. It has been estimated that the smoke pall in great cities may rob the city dweller of fully three-quarters of the ultra violet rays he might enjoy. From studies that have been made it was found that the intensity of ultra violet light was 50 per cent greater in the country where there was little dust and smoke than in the center of the city where the air was heavy with the dust of combustion and traffic. Coal smoke was shown to be the chief offender in the exclusion of ultra violet light by the fact that the intensity of the rays varied inversely with the amount of soft coal used. In seasons when more hard coal and less soft coal was burned the sunlight contained a larger proportion of the ultra violet rays.

Dr. Blunt says, "Against the decrease due to the sun's seasonal variation, mankind is powerless, except as he may change his outdoor habits, but the loss through absorption of the ultra violet rays from soot and smoke and dust of the cities can be controlled." It is very strongly recommended during the winter months that all people spend as much time as possible in the sunshine between the hours of 11:30 and 1:30. It is then that the ultra violet light has the greatest intensity and affords the most value from the sun.

In order to have the sun's rays be of value they should shine directly on the skin. The ordinary window glass does not permit of the transmission of the ultra violet light. There are several specially prepared window glasses that permit the short rays of the sun to pass through, but at the present time it does not seem practical for their use in the home. The child or baby will derive more benefit by being outside in the fresh air and sunshine.

In the temperate zones, especially in the winter time ordinary dress probably allows very little ultra violet light to penetrate the skin. Modern women's dress is much more satisfactory in this regard, than men's closely woven and lined clothing. In order to obtain as much of the ultra violet light as will pass through clothing, l o o s e l y woven fabrics made of cotton, linen or artificial silk should be worn. Sun suits are the most desirable for securing sufficient amount of the valuable sun's rays for growing children.

As long ago as 1924 the striking observation was made by Steenbock that many foods could become anti rachitic by irradiation with ultra violet light. The foods which have been successfully irradiated in-

clude a long list: numerous oils and fats, olive, cottonseed, linseed, corn and cocoanut oils, lard, oleomargarine, and butter but not mineral oil, cereal products, refined wheat flour, whole wheat flour, shredded wheat, cream of wheat, oatmeal, cornmeal, cornstarch, meat, milk, whole or dry, various vegetables and orange juice. The potency of egg yolk was increased from ten to twenty times. Sugar is almost the only natural food for which attempted irradiation has been unsuccessful. The exact value that irradiated food will accomplish for public health is difficult to foretell. The possible value seems very great. If commercial companies exploit this valuable agency to such an extent as to bring up the cost of food unnecessarily, irradiated foods may not prove of great value. Sufficient amount of research work has not been done, to determine how long the foods will remain activated or the ultimate effect on the body. Future research work is needed to give more definitely the value of irradiated foods.

THE most concentrated source of vitamin D that has been discovered at the present time is activated ergosterol. The commercial form of activated ergosterol is viosterol. Viosterol is 100 times more potent in vitamin D than standardized cod liver oil. Many physicians are using it as the best means of prevention of rickets and glowing accounts of the rapidity and reliability of its action is found in clinical reports. Dr. Alfred Hess has called irradiated ergosterol one of the "most remarkable of specifics"; other physicians have pronounced it "the therapeutic agent of choice" both for rickets and tetany.

The reason for this enthusiasm over activated ergosterol is the fact that because of its tremendous potency the dose needed is very small, the usual dose is 10 drops. This advantage is apparent with children whose digestive systems are weak and who therefore cannot tolerate larger quantities of fat. Such children, if they have rickets, often cannot take as much cod liver oil as they need to effect a cure as healing takes place slowly. They improve very quickly on irradiated ergosterol. Even the normal infant, especially if he is growing rapidly, may benefit by the use of viosterol, since occasionally the standard dose of cod liver oil, 1 teaspoon three times a day, fails to protect him from at least a mild degree of rickets. More than three teaspoons of oil a day is usually not considered wise for any baby and, according to Hess not more than from six to eight teaspoons can be given under any circumstances.

A more concentrated form of the vitamin D is needed for prevention as well as the cure of rickets. This may be found in the form of 5 D or super D cod liver oil. This means that this cod liver oil contains five times as much vitamin D as standardized cod liver oil and the same amount of vitamin A. Both vitamin A and D are needed in large amounts for young children, in protection from rickets and the promotion of normal growth. 5 D cod liver oil contains both of these vitamins in the necessary amounts for protection and cure of rickets, promotion of normal growth as well as help in building up the child's resistance to disease.

Recently, but especially in the last year the use of cod liver oil as a prophylactic agent in the treatment of rickets has been almost entirely supplanted by viosterol. In an article published in the American

Medical Journal in May, 1930, the question is raised, is cod liver oil or viosterol the best prophylactic agent for rickets? Clinical observations were made on 100 infants given cod liver oil and on 123 infants given viosterol. The following results were found: Rickets was prevented in 97% of the 100 cases that received cod liver oil. Three teaspoonfuls daily of cod liver oil were given. In the children receiving viosterol, rickets was prevented in 77 per cent of the 123 cases, showing that 23 per cent of these children developed clinical signs of rickets. The dose of viosterol was 10 drops daily. These results show that viosterol in present recommended dosage is less effective in prevention of rickets than cod liver oil. Yet there is no question but what viosterol is a valuable agent in the prevention of rickets. But the question, can viosterol supplant the use of cod liver oil entirely, will have to be answered by further research work.

In order to protect every infant from rickets and to insure the proper development of the bones and teeth, the child should receive sufficient amount of vitamin D. Cod liver oil during the winter with sun baths during the summer are the best methods of protection. Ultra violet treatments and viosterol can be used in special cases. Adults need some vitamin D, but not in as large amounts as the growing child. The best sources of vitamin D for adults are egg yolks, sun, ultra violet light irradiation and cod liver oil.

Let children have the benefits derived from sun baths and the regular use of cod liver oil which helps both in prevention of rickets and thus builds up their resistance to colds and other infectious diseases.

Jacob Van Ruysdael

LANDSCAPE WITH A WATERFALL

Sentiment

By Elsie Chamberlain Carroll

THE other day I received a small check for a few lines I had written and sent to a magazine. It lay on my desk near bills for lights, telephone, gas. As I sat looking at it the laundry was brought to the back door. I picked up the check and started with it to pay the laundryman. Then I stopped, and laid it back upon the desk and went to my purse for the money. A little later I needed to pay a shoe-repairing bill. I started to endorse that check, hesitated and made the payment without it. For a week I carried the check about, and many times it would have served to pay for a small physical or temporal need or service.

Why was it that I couldn't bring myself to give that piece of paper in payment for gas, or shoe-soles, or bread and milk?

Simply sentiment. The lines that check represented had been a little bit of my soul. They had expressed the sacredness of a love, beautiful and cherished—and lost. I couldn't sell such a thing as that for bread. I must use that check for something that I could keep, something that would always recall the beauty and the sacredness of the thought which had bought it. Reason told me that this was foolishness; that I needed this and the other. But sentiment would not listen, and a new volume of fine poetry has been crowded upon my shelf.

A recent news story recounted the death of an old man who had lived alone for a long time in a dark basement room. Presumably he had died of hunger and cold, and yet there was found within the pocket of his ragged vest, together with a lock of hair and a miniature of a woman, a ring that would have brought him warmth and food for many months. Sentiment!

In a beautifully furnished room of a luxurious home, side-by-side with the finest designs of the most popular periods, is a battered old arm-chair of no design whatever. Friends of the owner of that magnificent home wonder why he keeps such a hideous antique to mar the beauty of a perfect room. Frequently one of them puts the question to him, and receives this answer:

"I would part with every piece of furniture in this house before I would part with that old chair. My mother used to sit in that chair in an old log cabin and tend me and my eight brothers and sisters. It was around that old chair that I received the foundation for the things most worthwhile in life. It will always have an honored place in my home. It stands for my mother's love; for the prayers she taught me; for the principles of right and honor she instilled within me. It symbolizes the best that is in me."

Sentiment!

I know of a great prima donna who goes home after standing in the glitter of the footlights bowing and smiling to the applauding people who have been thrilled by her voice, and takes a little worn shoe from a box of treasures and holds it against a damp cheek.

I know of a great statesman who goes a thousand miles every year to visit an aged school teacher who

years ago helped him safely over "fool's hill."

I know, and you know, of scores of people who do apparently foolish things — who spend needless time and energy and money, because of sentiment. But aren't you glad they do those foolish things? Would you think as well of them if they didn't?

Many criteria have been given for the measurement of character. It is said that a man may be judged by the company he keeps, by the books he reads, by the way he spends his leisure time. May he not also be judged by the treasures he hordes? None of us would care much for a person who didn't cherish a few foolish keepsakes; or do unreasonable things because of sentiment.

Of course this feeling may be carried to the extreme. It may be allowed to sap the vitality of life and purpose. It may even merge into that highly undesirable thing, sentimentality. But sentiment itself, deep and sincere, is an ennobling influence upon character. It keeps the world warm and bright. It keeps life clothed in the rosy garments of enchantment, and prevents it from being stripped and left nude and cold by the hands of reason.

Father

By Ella J. Coulam

I think when I see a young father,
With his babe held close to his heart,
Of the wonderful change that comes over him
When he knows he is doing his part
Fulfilling the law of creation
According to God's command;
And wearing a look of contentment—
For that fatherly feeling is grand!

I think when I see that same father
When lines have come into his face,
Of the joys and sorrows and heart-aches
Encountered in life's fleeting race.
Still he wears that look of contentment,
Of love which he bears for his own;
And rejoices with us in our gladness
When we follow the path he has shown.

I think when I see a grandfather,
With the children 'round his knees,
Of what joy, contentment and gladness
That grandfatherly feeling must be.
A look of sweet resignation
Enlightens his calm, gentle face,
A feeling of great satisfaction—
Having done his best in life's race.

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

JUNE—Blue sky over a rose-colored world.
Clouds highest up in air.
Bright plumed birds their matings sing through all the scented woods.
Rare indeed is a day in June.

JULIA C. Lathrop, first director of the Child welfare bureau of the federal department of labor, who died last April, will long be remembered, not alone for her work in the children's bureau, but as a pioneer in the scientific care of the problems of childhood and her remarkable services in behalf of mothers and children which became world-wide. From her friends in the bureau a beautiful tribute says "Mrs. Lathrop filled her office with rare understanding and prescience. Her life is an integral part of the development of Hull House, the establishment of the first Juvenile court and the first child-guidance clinic, the evolution of modern methods of state welfare administration"—truly a friend in need and deed. A nation suffers when such a woman dies.

ANNE MORGAN has been given the rank of commander in the French Legion of honor in recognition of her services towards the restoration of the Chateau de Blerancourt. It is now a Franco-American Museum.

MADAM SCHROEDER, of Vienna, has given most of her fortune to help out the exchequer of the Austrian government. Truly a loyal patriot.

MRS. MARY G. COULTER, of Ogden, Utah, state representative in 1902 and prominent clubwoman has been given a diploma by the French Academy of History and a life membership in the Societe Academique Il' Histoire Internationale. Mrs. Coulter, well-versed in International law rendered helpful service in post war days.

WATERLESS Mountain," by Laura Adams Raimer, an Indian legend, was awarded the Newberry Medal as the most distinguished contribution to children's literature in 1931.

THE Good Earth," by Pearl S. Buck, won the Pulitzer prize for 1931 as the best novel published by an American author.

"Shadows On the Rocks" and "The Good Earth" are the only two novels by women listed among the fifty best books of the year by the American Library Association.

LAND," a short story by a Utah girl, Miss Wanda Burnett, is to be included in O'Brien's collection of the best short stories of 1932.

POLITICAL Science, instead of "pink teas," is the popular diversion this year among social leaders. Many prominent society women are already campaigning for favorite candidates.

SENATOR CARAWAY of Arkansas held the gavel over the United States Senate one day this session. She has announced that she will be out for re-election this fall.

Spring

By the late Josephine Spencer

Treading the woods and fields she wakes the sound
Of little creatures, sleeping in the ground,
The songs of meadow larks, the chant of bees,
The murmuring of wind harps in the trees.

She makes the waiting forest vocative—
Amid the wilds where gnomes and pixes live—
With tales of childhood faery, Romance old,
Clad in its elfin garb of green and gold.

She frees the signal of the woodbirds' tap,
The fresh'ning scent of loosened rills of sap,
The squirrel's noiseless raids among the leaves
And patter of cool rain through lacing eaves.

She sets the lure of dim, untrodden paths that wind
Through bosks of tangled trees and brush to find
Some brooklet calling from a fern fringed dell,
Or bird's nest noisy with her quickening spell.

The gnarled roots and trunks of sturdy trees
Lave in her sinew, all the harmonies
Of Nature tone her soul and so she chants
The inmost secrets of that necromance.

Spring

By Bertha W. Pratt

Spring, the winsome lady,
Comes tripping down the lane.
With green shod slippers, daintily
She's dancing with the rain.

On her hat perch pretty bluebirds
Now atilt and then aflirt;
Her catkin hands are gracefully
Aholding up her skirt.

All around and all along;
As ever on she passes,
Creep up to follow in her train
The slender little grasses.

And next the trees so boldly
Look down in scorn on these.
"We're getting on our green robes, now"
They telephone the breeze.

The weather man, that fickle boy,
Is still her constant lover;
When she smiles he sends agleam
The sunshine on the clover.

If she frowns, Ah! then he sends
Dark rain clouds black as night;
Then smiles and weeps and smiles again;
Until it all comes right.

Spring

There's an apple tree in bloom,
Air is filled with sweet perfume,
Flash of bluebird on the wing,
Luring power in everything
In the Spring.

—By Merling D. Clyde.

Photo by Glen Perrins

THE JOSHUA TREE

Notes from the Field

DURING the past year some of the most interesting stories that have been sent to the general office are accounts of the tree planting. Relief Society takes pride in this, as it is a material expression of the spirit of the organization—the beautification of the immediate surroundings, and the joy that will come to future generations through the efforts of the women today. Very delightful accounts have been written of the bicentennial celebration in honor of George Washington, and even in communities where there were other objectives the idea has taken root, and brought forth wonderful results. Perhaps our stake in the north, Taylor, would take first rank in this splendid achievement for the number of trees planted.

Taylor Stake:

THE stake Relief Society decided to do honor to the Canadian Fathers of the Confederation, by planting trees in their honor. Appropriate services were held in Memorial Park, at which time a group of eighty-six people were present, and a most impressive program was rendered. The children of the public schools sang patriotic songs, and the flag was raised in honor of the occasion. The dedicatory prayer was offered by Bishop Levi Harker. President Julia E. Ririe gave an appropriate speech, explaining the purpose of the memorial services for tree planting, which were Church-wide in scope. The poem, "Trees," was read by Myrtle Passey, and timely remarks were made by the former mayor, Ira C. Fletcher, and by the Rev. J. A. Claxton. The Mountain Ash was selected as the best tree for the climate in the north land. There were 8,192 trees planted during the year. These were not all Mountain Ash. The Canadian Government furnished the trees, and as it is a large open country, many people have taken advantage of the generosity of the Government, and planted trees on their farms. The large number of trees quoted does not include the flowering shrubs, or trees that were planted particularly around some of the church grounds, but only those that were sponsored by the Relief Society. Congratulations certainly go to the Taylor Stake for being alert, not only in tree planting, but in other forms of Relief Society activity.

San Francisco Stake:

ANOTHER most delightful tree planting story comes from San Francisco. This took the form of a memorial to the ninetieth anniversary of the Relief Society. In February of this year, the thought occurred to the sisters of San Francisco that it would be a very fine thing to celebrate the ninetieth anniversary of the Relief Society, and it was decided that the finest memorial would be to plant a grove of trees in Golden Gate Park. A committee was appointed to wait upon the Superintendent of the Park, and ask permission to do this. The Superintendent of Golden Gate Park, Mr. J. W. McLaren, has served for 45 years. He was very cordial in his reception of the Relief Society sisters, who explained to him that they were Latter-day Saints, and outlined the purpose of their visit to him. He told them the necessary steps they must take

in order to get the permission of the Park Commissioners. The permit was issued to the sisters to plant the trees, but upon investigation it was found that the cost of planting a grove of trees was far in excess of the amount of money the sisters were prepared to spend. A second consultation was held with Mr. McLaren, and he was given an idea of the Relief Society work, and the program of activity conducted in San Francisco and adjacent country. The question was put as to whether they would be allowed to purchase the trees at wholesale, as the Commissioners did. The ladies were assured that Mr. McLaren would do what he could, and were advised to call again. When they appeared the next time, a bit anxious as to the possible outcome, Mr. McLaren said, "Don't you worry, we will donate you the trees, and everything will be ready for you on Thursday, March 17th. Sister Eva B. Merrill writes, "A flag pole had been erected, and the first thing to greet us was the faint flutter of Old Glory, as if to say, 'I was the first one here.' Tables and benches had been brought to the spot for our convenience. We met at 11 a. m., and prepared lunch. From 11:45 until 1 p. m., we served lunch to a large crowd—about 150 people, including J. E. Johnson, stake president; Ester Stephens, of the Relief Society presidency, Bishops Fred Merrill and C. W. Nalder. From 1 p. m., until 2 p. m., games on the grass; 2 p. m., until 3:15 p. m., we had a very fine program, after which each ward was presented with a new shovel and three trees to plant. Every person participated in the planting. The ground had been previously prepared by the supervisor of that part of the park. What a sight and privilege it was to see all those women taking the dirt out and putting it in, and to think our Relief Society women were planting trees in that renowned Park by the Golden Gate and the great Pacific Ocean, to commemmorate the ninetieth anniversary of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. We planted sixteen trees on March 17th. On Washington's Birthday, our Mission Ward Relief Society planted a tree in the same plot, so now we have seventeen trees in all. After the trees had been planted, Bishop C. W. Nalder dedicated the plot and named it 'The Mormon Grove.'"

Deseret Stake:

DURING the past year the Deseret Stake Relief Society has been most active. In the Summer months the visiting teachers made a record of practically 100% in visits made. The teachers' topics were outlined by the teacher topic class leaders. For July, supervision of summer activities, such as swimming, dancing, canyon outings, etc. August, the monthly charity donation, with a suggestive list of things that could be donated if cash was not available. September, a cottage meeting was held in each district, or in some cases a group of districts, and these were held at the homes of the homebound or inactive Relief Society members. The visiting teachers were in charge of the meetings, and the subject of economy was discussed. In most cases the refreshments were served by the teachers.

A very delightful Relief Society conference was held in every ward in the stake. One stake board member was in attendance. The theme of the conference was the visiting teachers' work, including the history, duty, responsibility and qualifications of the visiting teachers. Through the efforts of the stake ex-

ecutive officers and the social service aid, nine of the twelve wards pooled their wheat interest, and by special arrangements, and with the splendid cooperation of the local doctors, tonsil operations were performed at a very nominal cost. This was the first year that the pooling of the wheat interest has been achieved, but the results are so gratifying that it gives promise for much more in the future.

In the late summer a Work and Business and Visiting Teachers convention was held in Delta. The objective was to stress these two very important phases of Relief Society work. After the opening exercises, the stake president and secretary conducted the business, and each ward president was given special instructions for ward work as well as some general information. At the same time the other ten board members conducted a work group for a period of 30 minutes. This was followed by a round table discussion on visiting teachers' problems, particularly how to make their teaching more effective, and to see the need there is of carrying the spirit of Relief Society into the lives of the members. While the teachers were having this discussion, the work committees arranged an exhibition of the work done in the wards during the last year. Refreshments were served by the stake board to 250 who were in attendance at the meeting.

LEHI STAKE CELEBRATES ITS BIRTHDAY

Lehi Stake:

THE Lehi Stake Relief Society celebrated its third birthday in a most interesting way. A play based upon the history of the ward and stake Relief Societies was presented. Incidents of the organization from its earliest period, formed the narrative. The first episode was in the fall of 1868, and showed the sisters preparing the old school house for the first Relief Society meeting held there. The second episode was the Jubilee year, 1892—just an old sewing bee. The more elderly sisters told the younger members of the hardships of early pioneers, and of the progress that had been made since. The third scene represented the modern meeting. This time was turned over to the stake president, Sister Harriet M. Webb. Some 500 sisters had the pleasure of hearing our beloved General President, Sis-

ter Louise Y. Robison; Counselor Julia A. Child, Sister Emeline Y. Nebeker, and Sister Mary C. Kimball of the General Board. One interesting feature of the meeting was the old-timers chorus, led by Sister Loda Bradshaw. All the sisters participating in this were over sixty years of age. The Relief Society furnished music while refreshments were served by the stake officers. A color scheme was carried out in blue and gold. The ladies serving were dressed in white, with blue and gold caps. The flowers were beautiful, and were also in the color scheme as far as it was possible. Nine of the original members of the pioneer organization were present. These were presented with flowers. An exhibition of the work accomplished during the Work and Business Meeting added to the pleasure of the occasion.

Boise Stake:

AN interesting story of Relief Society activities in Boise came to the office. In the late Summer the Boise Stake Relief Society held what was called a dollar day in every Relief Society throughout the stake. Each ward was requested to take part in this, and plan a social, to which every L. D. S. woman in the community was invited. Each Relief Society sister was invited not only to enjoy the party, but to bring $1.00 with which to renew her subscription to the *Relief Society Magazine*. Some of the socials were held in the park, some in the local meeting houses, but all were very successful. The programs were interesting and games and refreshments added to the pleasure. The stake board offered a banner in blue and gold as the award to the ward having the highest percentage of subscriptions according to the enrollment. This banner was won by the Melba Ward. It was felt that the day was most successful, and the results very satisfactory regarding subscriptions to the *Magazine*.

Some very fine Washington Bicentennial programs were given in this stake. Among them was that of the Relief Society stake board, which held its celebration on February 22, at 3 o'clock, at the home of the President, Mrs. Mary C. Martineau. Mrs. Mary C. Allred, dressed as a Colonial lady, served cherry pie. Greetings were exchanged, and each member contributed a wise saying of George Washington, to be told to the children. The board then repaired to the Stake Tabernacle grounds, where the tree which was planted in honor of the "father of our country" was dedicated by President Heber Q. Hale. Before offering the dedicatory prayer, and while the sisters stood in a circle around the tree, President Hale spoke of the message and the high standard of the service of George Washington to his country.

Oquirrh Stake.

ON September 16, 1931, the Relief Society of Oquirrh stake held its third flower show at Pleasant Green. On account of lack of water, and dry weather, many doubted that it would be possible to raise any flowers for display, but the blossoms were wonderful. Three hundred and ten entries filled the long white-covered tables with flowers that were exceptionally worthy of our praise. The Relief Societies have endeavored to have bouquets at all Sacrament services. This was encouraged by giving rose bushes for prizes. In response to the request of President Louise Y. Robison, all the wards planted trees this Spring.

Notes to the Field

Honor Roll

WE regret that we cannot give full credit to all our agents who have succeeded in getting from 75% to 100% magazine subscriptions, but some failed to give full information. We publish herewith the list as sent in by our agents.

Stake	*Ward*	*Enrollment*	*No. of Sub.*	*Per Cent*	*Agent*
Los Angeles	Maywood	33	29	90	M. Maud Ritter
Los Angeles	Long Beach	113	85	79	Effie Jenson
Los Angeles	Huntington Park	60	48	80	Zilla Major
Los Angeles	Home Gardens	72	67	93	Louisa L. B. Evans
Los Angeles	Adams	95	76	80	G. E. Binns
Big Horn	Lovell	90	70	75+	Mrs. Earl Asay
Union	Le Grande First	...	...	76	Emma Stringham
Union	Imbler	...	...	75	Ruth Westenskow
San Francisco	San Francisco	...	...	100	Caroline B. Ranck
San Francisco	Richmond	...	...	100	Nina Faucett
San Francisco	Oakland	...	...	100	Julia Searle
San Francisco	Burlingame	...	...	100	Mary Kroman
San Juan	Blanding	128	129	100+	Mary E. Lyman

Text Books for 1932-33

WE call our officers' and members' attention to the fact that all text books needed for our studies for 1932-33 are now available. The text for the course in literature is *The Delight of Great Books* by John Erskine, price $1.50 postpaid. The texts for the social service course are *White House Conference,* 1930, 60c postpaid, and *Booklet on Habits, Booklet on Growth, Booklet on Personality,* 25c postpaid for the complete set of three booklets. Send orders for these books to the National Woman's Relief Society, 28 Bishops Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The text for the theological work will be the *Doctrine and Covenants.* Practically all our officers and members will have this text, but if any desire to secure new copies, they may be had from the Deseret Book Company, 44 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah, at $1.00 postpaid for cloth binding, and $2.50 postpaid for full leather binding.

Prohibition

THE cause of prohibition has received great impetus from Dr. Poling and his associates who have been campaigning most vigorously throughout the country in its interests. A short time ago the West was favored by hearing these people give facts showing the benefits of prohibition and making pleas for the continuance of the Eighteenth Amendment.

In order to help in this campaign, the General Board have secured pamphlets, "Prohibition Facts,

Questions nad Answers," compiled for the Allied Forces for Prohibition by W. G. Calderwood, and are sending a copy to each stake and ward Relief Society president.

The Board is anxious that our officers become actively inteested in the great prohibition movement. Our stake presidents should bring this pamphlet to the attention of their ward officers and urge that the people be educated along these lines. If it is deemed advisable, meetings could be called this summer and pledges signed. It is the earnest desire of the General Board that these pamphlets shall be read carefully and used in the ward organizations so that our people will have definite information regarding the value of prohibition and know that notwithstanding the fact that there have been great abuses that the Eighteenth Amendment has been productive of much good and has lessened materially the consumption of liquor. Crime has decreased, savings accounts have increased, and there have been more happy wives and mothers.

If more copies of this little pamphlet are desired, they may be secured for $1 a dozen, or 10c a copy, postpaid, from the Allied Forces for Prohibition, 986 15th Ave., S. E., Minneapolis, Minnesota; or from 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

My Beloved

By Phyllis Hodgson Holbrook

This poem received first honorable mention in the Eliza Roxey Snow Poetry Contest

Yon snow-capped peak that rises high,
So cold and white against the sky,
And dwells in heights sublime,
Is like the love that I have known
Since first I called your soul my own,
To keep through ages' time.

Yon vivid sunset's ruddy fire
Is like the heat of my desire
Your earthly love to hold;
It paints the earth with rosy glow,
But now the crimson, burning low,
Is leaving just the gold.

The finest story I can find
Does not enthrall me like your mind,
And poems seem less divine.
The sweetest music, greatest art
Do not beguile me like the heart
That beats in tune with mine.

So when we reach the solemn sea
That lies between Eternity
And life's departing strand,
When dusky shadows gather near,
I shall not hesitate nor fear,
For you will hold my hand.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

THE GENERAL BOARD

MRS. LOUISE YATES ROBISON - - - - - - - - - - President
MRS. AMY BROWN LYMAN - - - - - - - - - - First Counselor
MRS. JULIA ALLEMAN CHILD - - - - - - - - - Second Counselor
MRS. JULIA A. F. LUND - - - - - - - - General Secretary and Treasurer

Mrs. Emma A. Empey
Miss Sarah M. McLelland
Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon
Mrs. Jennie B. Knight
Mrs. Lalene H. Hart
Mrs. Lotta Paul Baxter
Mrs. Cora L. Bennion
Mrs. Amy Whipple Evans
Mrs. Ethel Reynolds Smith
Mrs. Rosannah C. Irvine
Mrs. Nettie D. Bradford
Mrs. Elise B. Alder
Mrs. Inez K. Allen
Mrs. Ida P. Beal
Mrs. Katie M. Barker
Mrs. Marcia K. Howells
Mrs. Hazel H. Greenwood
Mrs. Emeline Y. Nebeker
Mrs. Mary Connelly Kimball

Mrs. Lizzie Thomas Edward, Music Director

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Mary Connelly Kimball
Manager - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Louise Y. Robison
Assistant Manager - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Amy Brown Lyman

Vol. XIX JUNE, 1932 No. 6

EDITORIAL

The Close of Our Season

ANOTHER Relief Society season has winged its way past, leaving a wonderful record of accomplishments. We believe that it has been the most successful in our history. The lessons have been given better, and more have participated in the discussions. The spirit of love and peace and goodwill, so characteristic of Relief Society gatherings, has been felt everywhere. Most organizations have had more calls for assistance, owing to the unemployment situation, but the help needed has been supplied wonderfully well. We extend appreciation for the loving, devoted and efficient work our officers and teachers have accomplished.

Preparation for 1932-1933

In preparation for next season all our members should read Dr. Pack's address in the May Magazine, page 311. They will then find that the *Doctrine and Covenants* will be our text in the theological department next year. We suggest that all re-read this volume during the summer, marking passages that especially appeal, and paying attention to the special messages it contains for the people today.

It would be well also to secure Erskine's *The Delight of Great Books,* reading it carefully, and as far as possible reading the books about which he has written chapters.

We also recommend that our officers and members, as far as possible, secure the texts for the social service lessons, *The White House Conference,* 1930, and the pamphlets on *Personality, Habits,* and *Growth.*

If these books which are to be

used for our courses of study next year are read leisurely this summer, our officers, teachers, and members will have a splendid background for their lesson work.

These books may be secured from the General Secretary, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah. The prices are:

The Delight of Great Books, by John Erskine, $1.50, postpaid.

The White House Conference, 1930, 50c, postpaid 60c.

Booklet on Personality, Booklet on Habits, Booklet on Growth, 25c postpaid, for the complete set of three booklets.

Flag Day

THE hopes and aspirations, the joys and sorrows, the romance and chivalry, of the human race are symbolized in flags.

"We find their origin in Divinity itself, when Jehovah, after the Flood, unfurled in the heavens the first flag—the multihued banner of the rainbow—as a signal of danger passed, of safety assured.

"Mortal man, since that time, has in his humble, earthly way, used emblems and banners of various kinds to express his hopes, his ideals, his struggles, his accomplishments."—From *The Flag of the United States, Its History and Symbolism,* by Col. James A. Moss.

ON June 14, 1777, the Continental Congress in Philadelphia adopted the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the Flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field representing a new constellation."

Changes were made before the flag as we have it today was decided upon. On April 4, 1918, Congress enacted the following law:

"That on the admission of every State into the Union, one star be added to the union of the Flag; and that such addition shall take effect on the Fourth of July next succeeding admission."

THE flag of the United States stands for freedom and equality. On June 14, 1777, when the flag was adopted, the act prescribed "that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field representing a new constellation," symbolizing stars in the heavens, a nation dedicated to personal and religious liberty, "signalling to mankind the birth of the first nation on earth dedicated to personal and religious liberty; a sanctuary to which men and women the world over, oppressed because of religious or other beliefs, might take refuge and enjoy 'Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness.'"

Well may people with bared heads reverently bow in homage as the flag passes by. It is beautiful. It stands for so much. The sun never sets on the American flag—it waves over nearly four million square miles.

June 14th has been publicly observed in the United States as Flag Day, since 1897.

This year 1932 a greater observance than usual is being given to Flag Day, June 14, because of the Washington Bicentennial. The American Flag Day Association have announced Flag Week June 12 to June 19. During this period all organizations civic, social fraternal and business are being asked to have a patriotic program with something pertaining to the history of the Flag and reverence for it.

June 14, this year occurs on Tuesday, a regular Relief Society day, and the attention of all officers in charge in the several wards is therefore called to this matter. The General Board suggests that the Flag be displayed at the meeting.

To every loyal American there is no flag like the Stars and Stripes, and his heart beats ecstatically as he sees it unfurled. The Stars and Stripes should wave to the breeze on this day, not only from public buildings but from every home, for every true American loves his flag.

Summer Socials

WE note in reading *The Paris Post* that the Paris Second Ward Relief Society during the past summer, conducted a series of well-planned socials. The programs were educational as well as recreational, and their central theme was nature lore. A friendly contest between the "bees" and "butterflies" in identifying leaves from trees and shrubs growing in the vicinity of Paris gave zest to the July social, which was held in the ward hall. The August social, a lawn party, was held on the tabernacle grounds where a demonstration of wild flowers, hedges, mosses, and ferns grown in the valley was given. The group was then divided into "ants" and "beetles" and a nature lore hunt was engaged in. One group collected fifty-seven varieties of plant and insect life, while the other collected forty-nine specimens. At the September social, a demonstration of seeds that roll, seeds that creep, seeds that float on water, seeds that slide over the snow, seeds that sail through the air on broad wings, and seeds that fly, were shown, and a study of rocks and rock plants was engaged in. During each gathering, community singing of cheer songs, readings, solos, choruses, and a few games were enjoyed. The ward was divided into three groups, one of which served delicious refreshments each month.

We are always delighted to see our wards and stakes show initiative and do things that draw in their members, interest them, and give them a new zest in life.

Father's Day

THOUGH not so widely celebrated as Mother's Day, the third Sunday in June is beginning to be recognized as Father's Day. It has great possibilities. Fathers have done so much for their children and comparatively little has been said in appreciation. Everything they do is taken for granted. This day, set apart in their honor, will remind their children that they owe a debt of gratitude to their fathers and that they should express their appreciation for his loving care and his many sacrifices. We wish that every father's heart could be gladdened on this day by personal visits from his children where possible, and where they are too far away, that they will remember him by having cards or letters or gifts reach him by Fathers Day.

"Pioneer Songs"

THE daughters of the Utah Pioneers deserve great credit for the very fine book, "Pioneer Songs" which has been compiled by them and arranged by Alfred M. Durham. The book contains a "collec-

tion of songs used by the pioneers in route to and in the early settlement of the West" and also "songs inspired and composed by the pioneers in memory of their experiences." They are selling the book at $1.25, which is less than the cost of production. We are sure that this book will find a welcome place in many of our homes.

Mother's Radio Hour

FROM 10:30 a. m. daily excepting Saturday and Sunday, KSL is giving expert advice to women regarding their problems. This is a wonderful opportunity for mothers to get the information they desire without cost, for they can ask KSL for the subjects they would like discussed, and present questions to be answered.

A Home-Made Rose-Jar

By Jessie M. Robinson

IN making a rose-jar the first thing necessary is the jar. This may be purchased in the five-and-ten or any oriental or crockery ware store. The plain glazed ones are most attractive.

First, drop five drops of oil of rose geranium in the empty jar, adding one drop of glycerine to prevent evaporation; and when the drops are in the bottom of the rose-jar gently tip the jar from side to side for a few minutes. Now drop in a few partly dried rose petals. Moist ones will grow musty. Cover the jar with its cover or covers, shake, set away and do not open until next day.

Meanwhile dry all the rose leaves you can. After pulling the petals off your roses, lay them out in the sun and let them curl slightly. After a day's drying, drop them into the jar; cover, shake, and let stand again. According to the size of the jar, add a handful or teacupful of rose leaves each day until the fourth, then pour one to three drops of oil of rose geranium upon the leaves, and a teaspoonful of alcohol. Continue this routine until the leaves have quit settling, then add a teaspoonful of ground cloves and a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon. Do not have the jar too full, as then it cannot be stirred, and it is in the stirring that the sweetness comes forth in winter. Finally turn all the leaves out in a china dish, and add to the jar one drop of glycerine and three drops of oil of rose (synthetic); this last may be omitted if too expensive.

Push back the rose leaves, on top of the mass pour a tablespoonful of alcohol and three to six drops each of oil of lavender and rosemary; add one ounce of Tonka bean in powder and two ounces of Iris.

Now cover your jar well and set it away. In three days open it again and stir it. Repeat every three days for a month, and you will, at the end of that time, have a rose-jar that is complete, one that will send out its fragrance through the room all winter, and which, when open, will fill the whole house with a soft, sweet scent, invigorating and delightful, redolent of the summer rose garden.

Relief Society Texts

For 1932-33

* * * * *

LITERARY TEXT—

"The Delight of Great Books"

by John Erskine, $1.50 postpaid.

SOCIAL SERVICE TEXTS—

"White House Conference, 1930"

60c postpaid.

"Booklet on Habits"
"Booklet on Growth"
"Booklet on Personality"
complete set, 25c postpaid.

Send orders to

National Woman's Relief Society

28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah

MRS LYDIA HOLLAWAY
247 NORTH 2ND EAST
PROVO UTAH

MORE for YOUR MONEY

No matter what you may purchase it is but natural that you should desire the utmost value for your money. When making an investment over a period of years special care should be taken to assure yourself that you are getting absolutely the very best to be had.

When you obtain a Beneficial policy you become a part of the company and share in the net earnings each year. The one great exclusive feature,

Participating Insurance
At Low Non-Participating Rates

has sufficient merit to convince the most skeptical—there is more value per dollar in Beneficial Life Insurance.

The BIG HOME COMPANY

BENEFICIAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

HOME OFFICE: SALT LAKE CITY

HEBER J. GRANT, President E. T. RALPHS, General Manager

BENEFICIAL PREMIUMS ARE USED TO BUILD UP THE WEST